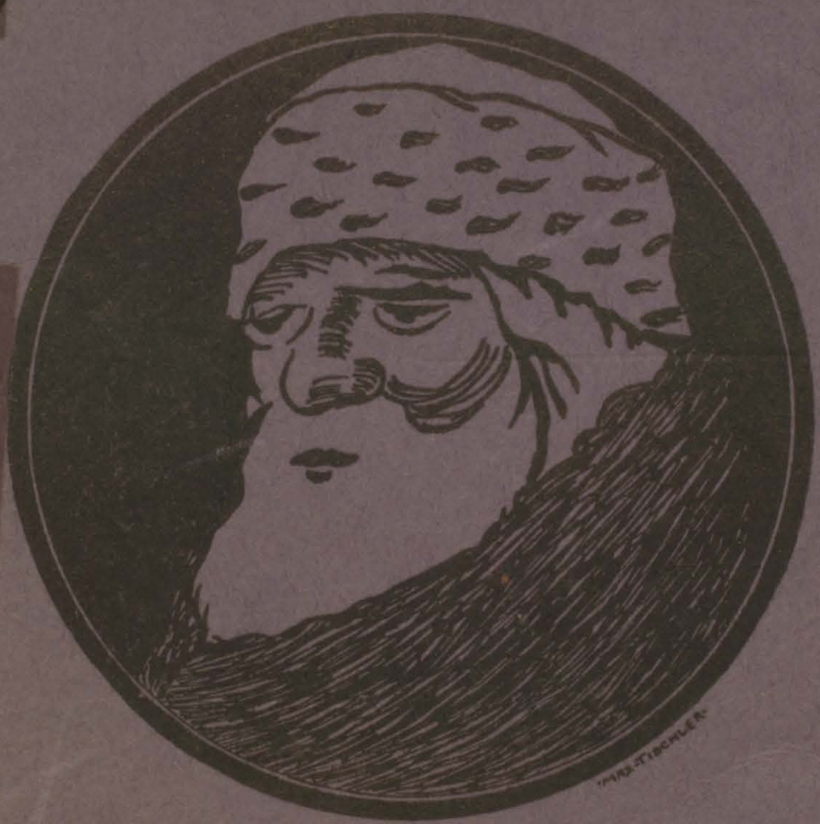
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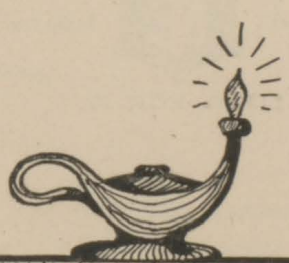
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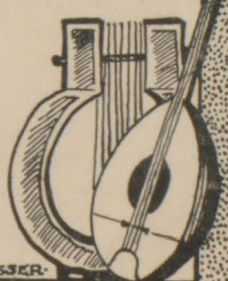
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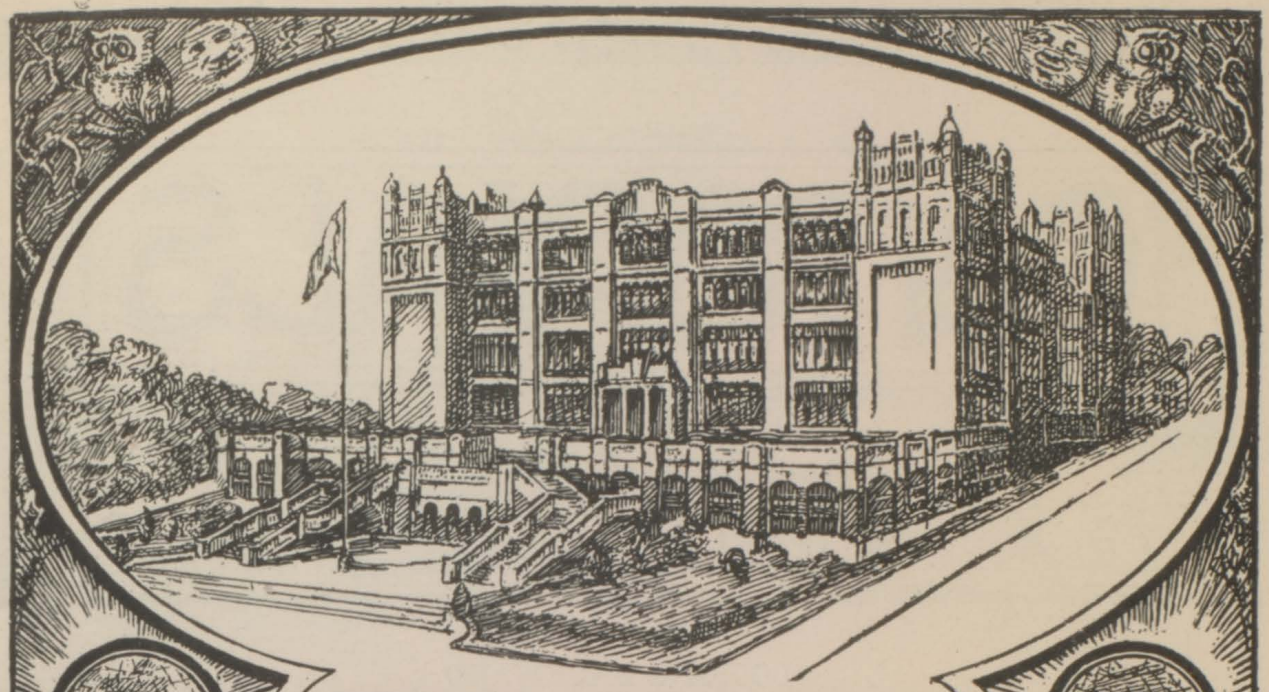
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THE PIVOT

NEWARK, N. J., DECEMBER 1919

Published monthly, except July and August, in the interest of and by the pupils of the Central Commercial and Manual Training High School. Single Copies, fifteen cents. Subscriptions per year, one dollar. Mailed, one dollar and twenty-five cents. For advertising rates communicate with the Business Manager of The Pivot.

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VOL. XIV CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, NEWARK, N. J. No. 3

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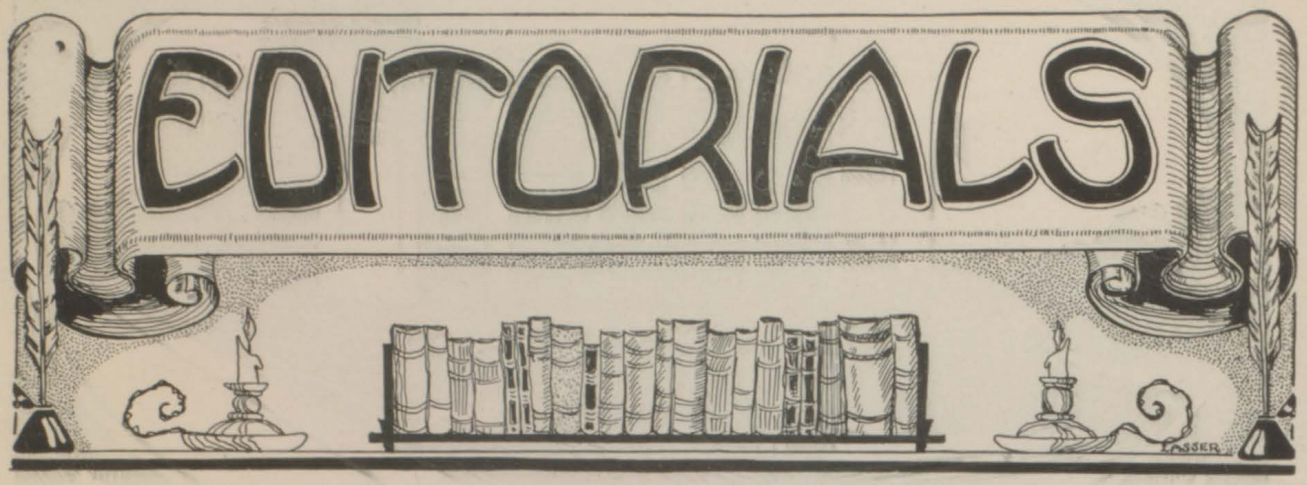
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LOOKING BACKWARD

Here we are, the average class of Seniors, facing what might be termed one of life's crises, graduation from high school. Perhaps we do not realize as yet the values of our school life, and what a high school diploma really means. With Youth's ambition, energy and natural restlessness, we are inclined to think only of the present. We remember the pleasant things of the past, and we try to forget what disappointments the future may bring to us. As we look back to the days of the past, it is hard to realize that one month more will bring us very near to the parting of the ways.

We are the average class of Seniors, embodied in us one may find the average amount of intelligence, perseverance and strength of character, but we naturally feel that our ideals are a little higher than those of past Seniors, and that we have fulfilled the traditions of our Alma Mater just a bit more truly than other classes.

Starting school when the turmoil of the world was at its height, we were given a wonderful opportunity to prove our mettle. We have gone through rough times, but each one only served to bring us closer together.

Friendships and ideals that we have formed in our life at Central are the kind that men may envy. They are on the plane with those that inspire men to do big things; to look for, and to obtain the big things that life has to offer.

We look back with a faint smile, perhaps a little tugging at the heart-strings, to that memorable day when we first entered Central. With the usual timidity of the Freshman we were disinclined at first to make the most of what Central offered. When things went wrong we felt as though we were being "picked upon," and we grew discouraged. But as we saw the years of our school life gradually slipping away, we came to know that the disappointments we felt at first only served to make us appreciate more fully the joys of work well done, that each cloud made the sunset that much more glorious.

We thought of Seniors in awe and looked forward into the seemingly distant future, to the time when we, too, should be "looked up to" by the new Freshmen. We have reached that exalted plane, as it were, but somehow it doesn't seem to have the joys and pleasures we had anticipated. In fact, it is just the opposite. The joys of being a Senior are always coupled with the sorrow that comes with the thought of parting, but with it all, we leave Central with cherished memories of four wonderful years.

Let us start out confidently, and tread our separate ways through life with a sure, firm step, forever happy in the thought that we have done our best.

GRADUATION

With graduation begins a new life. A life which we have looked forward to and dreamed of—probably for years. After graduation begins that "Great Future." For some it will mean the continuation of study in a broader sphere; for others it will mean close contact with the business world, but for all it is the commencement of life with experience as our instructor.

The way will no longer be blocked out for us by kind teachers, but we will have to mark it out for ourselves. It is up to us to make our way the best possible. All of us should be fully equipped for this new life. If we have worked conscientiously and carefully during our four years at Central we have nothing to fear and everything to look forward to.

Success is the reward of the competent business man. Let us hope that those who are the business men and women of this Future so near at hand will be warranted success and good luck.

WHY NOT A CENTRAL A. A.?

For years Central has been known as a school which is run by its students. Well, it is, and we're proud of it. For as many years the General Organization has been in active existence "in order to regulate the establishment, management and practice of the various literary, athletic and musical organizations of the school." The athletes, who are students of the school, have been making possible the running of the Annual Indoor Games. The entry blanks sent out for the Meet read:

"under auspices of
CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL A. A."

Now, just what is the Central A. A.? On Friday, the 16th of December, 1918, a meeting of the athletes of the school was held. A committee was appointed to find the constitution of the A. A. and then meet to revise it. So far, that committee has never met, and yet the Central A. A. is the best known and foremost High School Athletic Association in the country. It has to be, it runs the National Indoor Games. Can Central afford to allow such a condition to exist?

Central athletes, organize and run your Association. Make it in reality the strong and worthy organization it is nominally. You owe it to yourselves and the school to put it actually on a par with the other self-governed bodies in the school.

ALL YEAR HIGH AT CENTRAL

The all-year plan for High Schools was instituted in Central December 1, and thus Central became the first school of this kind in the eastern part of the country. Ever since the opening of the first all-year Elementary Schools in 1912 both the late Dr. Poland and Dr. Corson advocated a high school to correspond with the four term elementary schools so that the graduates of these schools would not lose time by having to be put in a separate group because of the high school year not co-ordinating with that of their own.

All the pupils of the school are affected by the new plan with the exception of those in the senior year. The school year is divided into four terms of twelve weeks each, but instead of a year's work comprising the B and A grades the new plan provides for C, B and A grades. The student by this new plan gains an extra third year every full year he attends and thereby is qualified to graduate in three years' time. With a little increased effort, he is able to gain a year, thus entering college or entering upon industrial work a year sooner than under the old plan.

The new order in Central deserves the heartiest co-operation of both the Students and the Faculty. Its success in Central means that high schools not only in Newark but high schools throughout the country will fall in line and adopt the new plan. Its benefits will thereby be spread broadcast and Central will be once again a leader in educational activities. But, to make this plan a success, the students must not look at it merely as a three year course, but a three year course by which all the required work of the full four year course is covered and mastered. The diploma the student receives upon leaving Central stands for the usual high school course completed in three years, means increased effort while in school and more time spent on school work outside of school. The future of the NATION now, more than ever before, depends upon the high school graduates. They are to assume the leading roles in the make-up of our country and if the high school fails to equip them with sufficient means to carry on the nation's work the result may be disastrous. Service to the State should be the keynote of all educators in dealing with the high schools.

TO KNOCKERS

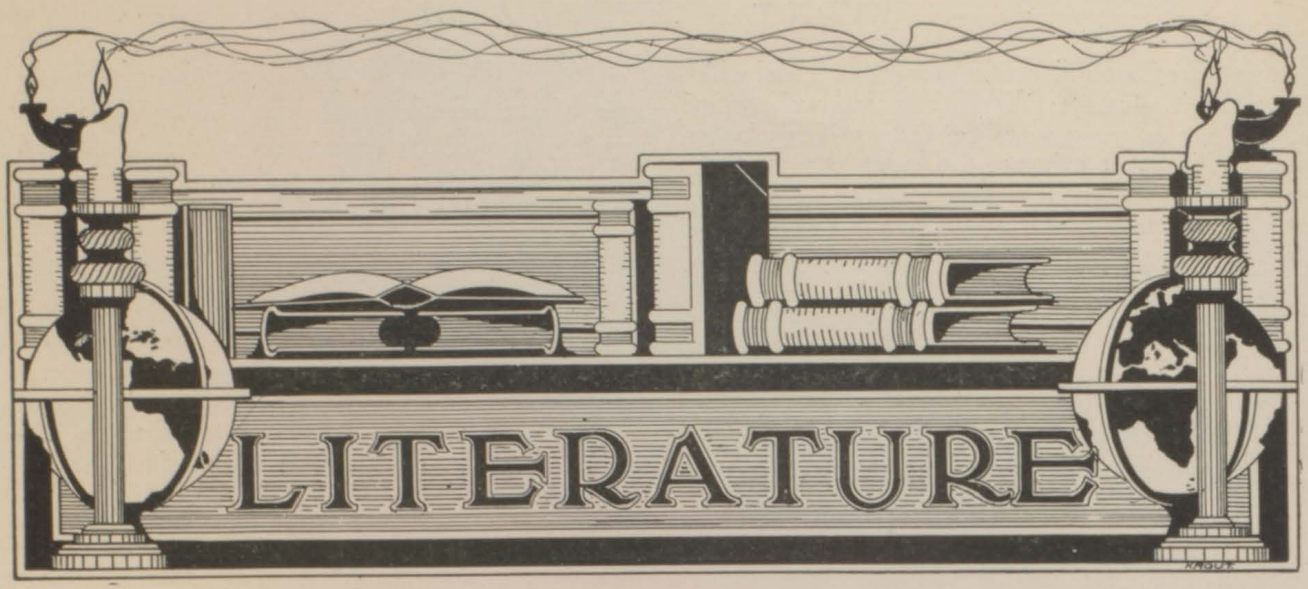
If you want to go to a kind of school
  That's the kind of school you like,
You needn't slip your books into a grip
  And start on a long, long hike.

You'll find elsewhere what you left behind,
  For there's nothing that's really new,
It's a knock at yourself when you knock at your school,
  It isn't your school, it's you.

Real schools do not hold men who are afraid,
  Lest somebody gets ahead,
When everyone works and nobody shirks,
  You can put your school at the head.

And if, while you make your personal stake,
  Your neighbor can make one too,
Your school will be what you want to see,
  It isn't this school, it's you.

HARRY MORCHOWER.



FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PATTY

By CATHERINE STAEHLE

"You're sitting on my best Sunday hat, Patricia Moreland! Whatever will my mother say," wailed Dolly as she endeavored to straighten out the flattened piece of what used to be a hat. The feather dangled limpidly behind and the hat certainly was a fright.

"Glory be, child. Whatever made you put it on the chair? Come here, give it to me. There! It's a little better now. If you put a few stitches where that kink is in the feather it'll be all right. I'm awfully sorry, Snooks, but you mustn't leave your Sunday bests lying around on chairs," and Pat gave Dolly one of her energetic, bear hugs by way of conciliation.

"The meeting will come to order."

Silence in the room where a meeting of the Journalist Club was being held.

"Assignments will be given out now on the various heads of the departments. Miss K. Nowledge will take the chair?"

"I have only a few assignments for stories and verse to make. Patty, you, of course, will write a story?"

"I can't say as I know of any more ideas floating around for stories." This was said in a tone which was meant to convey the idea that she felt she was being "picked on." Then as she saw the appeal in K. Nowledge's eyes she complied resignedly, "Well, yes. I suppose I can find something."

"Dolly, will you write a bit of verse? Something on peace, or something," suggested the speaker vaguely. (I tell you, reader, those who assign topics or stories are so enveloped in a misty cloud that they can't work their way through it. They leave that to the long-suffering literary person.)

"This is the second assignment I've gotten this month. Of course, I wouldn't have to take it, but I just can't refuse. What the dickens shall I write on," and Patty wrinkled up her forehead in an endeavor to think up a suitable plot for a story.

"And I can never think up anything to write on, 'something on peace, or something,' " exclaimed Dolly satirically.

"Oh, well! We'll make the best of it we can," suggested the optimist. "If you really want something to worry about, Doll, think of your vocational theme, which hasn't been started yet, your shorthand book report, your English non-fiction report, due Tuesday, your—"

"Don't say any more," expostulated the semi-optimist. "Pat, you will be the death of me yet."

"I wouldn't for anything. Well, let's see. You might think of the dance we're going to attend during the holidays. Kid, we'll have a swell time."

"Say, Pat, show me how to do that new step in the Waltz, will you? I never can get that!"

"Sure. It's this way."

"Don't do it so fast. Do I look like lightning?"

"I'd hate to think you did. The Vamp is the only person who can imitate streak lightning, and you're no Vamp. Splashin' jingoes, it's half-past four.

Ma'll be waiting for me with the rolling pin. So-long, I'll see you tomorrow," and Pat was off, making a bee-line for the car which had just rounded the corner. Such was her haste that she trod on the toes of two indignant individuals and caught a button of her waving coat in the hair of a passing girl, and in the end—missed her car.

She tramped up and down, furiously, while waiting for the next car. "Just my luck," she mumbled.

Suddenly her attention was attracted to an argument which was being carried on by two young men, just then passing her.

Such snatches as "will she fall for it," "she's worth a mint," "pretty as a picture," had reached Pat's attentive ears and without a moment's hesitation she was on her way, trailing the arguers. The vision of Ma waiting with the rolling pin had vanished utterly. Pat was all ears.

"What did you say the name was?" questioned one—the handsomer fellow of the two.

"Gloria Gibbs. I tell you, Harry, you couldn't make a better haul-up. I'm putting you on the way so our debt'll be squared. Otherwise, my sly bird, you wouldn't have had the excellent chance I'm giving you, see? The girl's worth a million and a half if she's worth a cent. And," he added in a sneering voice, "she's as simple and trusting as they make them." He half turned as he said this and noticed Patty, who was well within ear shot. He moderated his voice so that she couldn't hear. But Pat didn't need any more information on the subject. She knew very well whom they were discussing. It was her cousin, Gloria Gibbs, not a well-known society fan, but an unobtrusive girl of eighteen, who had recently acquired such great wealth.

"The rubes," she remarked, "do they think she'll fall for one of them? I'll warn her when I go to the dance," and thus decided, Pat retraced her steps and (luckily on time) boarded the car.

Pat troubled herself little about the affairs of her cousin for she believed that she could warn her in due time when they met at the dance.

What was her amazement when, upon being introduced to the guests, she found herself face to face with the Handsome Harry of the Afternoon Argument. But Pat never winked a lash and said, "So pleased to meet you, Mr. Soandso," with her most engaging smile. She noticed how Gloria beamed on him in a most satisfactory way, and this added another to Pat's discomforts.

"Simple in the eye," mused Pat, "when Gloria gets an idea in her head she hangs on to it like an octopus." Which all proved to be very true. Gloria refused to believe anything derogatory in the character of her newly-found hero. She flouted all the versions Pat advanced on the character of Handsome Harry and suggested that perhaps Pat had been day-dreaming at the time.

"Day-dreaming," objected Patty with fine scorn. "I never walk around day-dreaming when I know Ma's waiting for me and the groceries!"

The thing to do was to convince Gloria of H. H.'s deception, but how should she go about it? Pat wrinkled her brow all in vain. Then she appealed to Dolly, whom she had not as yet "let into the secret."

After a great many "you don't says" and "what do you think of thats" Dolly also puzzled herself for a plan. But alas! none came.

"Oh, Doll. Look over there," came in a whisper from Pat.

"It's Handsome Harry," ejaculated Dolly. And, sure enough, out in the balcony stood that very fine gentleman leaning over the rail talking to his friend of the Afternoon Argument, in tones easily audible to the girls.

"Listen," exclaimed Pat, "he's talking about Gloria."

Both girls leaned forward in listening attitude but before Dolly knew what was happening Pat had whisked away.

It wasn't more than one minute after, that excited whispers came closer and closer, but at length they ceased and Pat sneaked in, closely followed by a puzzled Gloria.

"Is he here yet?" questioned Pat, and Doll nodded an eager answer.

There was a short silence, and then came the voice of Handsome Harry in a stage whisper.

That gentleman's goose was cooked good and brown. Gloria gave him his walking ticket the very next minute and within five minutes he had passed out of their lives, perhaps to try his charms on somebody else's pocketbook.

Gloria gave a sigh of relief and then turned her attention to Pat, who stood regarding her with inquisitive eyes. "Pat, you ought to turn detective," advised Gloria. "And now I don't know how I'll ever repay you for this evening's work—"

"I'll tell you," laughed Pat. "Introduce us to those two nice fellows who just came in. That's all I ask," and she clasped her hands about the region where your heart supposedly lies but in reality does not, and rolled two black mischievous eyes heavenward with what was supposed to be a melancholy gaze.

But she soon came back to earth! A sharp thump on her back, a quick propelling motion, and in an instant she was looking into the somber eyes of K. Nowledge.

"What the deuce do you want?" Pat tried her best to growl.

"Have you got a story yet?"

Pat shook her head mournfully. Then suddenly a bright idea popped into her head and she nodded energetically. "Yes, I've got one."

Could you guess what Pat decided to write on?

HOW I SAW THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DIVISION PARADE

By Ellis Hahn

All through the month of March of this year there were press notices of the 27th New York Division, and especially in the certain New York morning paper which I read. I was pretty well "fed up" and wanted to see this division on parade. They came in sections and every time a section would be late in coming from overseas the parade would be delayed a couple more days. They were to have their parade on March 25, and I desired to see these heroes who broke the "Hindenburg Line" with the Anzacs. Anyhow, it was the first bunch of buddies who came from overseas who were from this section of the country. The boys were members of the old "Fifth," "Sixth," "Seventh" and "Eighth New York," all National Guard regiments with a great "rep."

I had it all planned out three days ahead, and of course did not attend school that day. I awoke extra early that day, and left Park Place station on the 8:15 train. I didn't know the way to uptown New York, so I asked the fellow who sat next to me to tell me. He told me he was going there, too, and I did as he did. He asked for a "transfer," so did I. (I was glad I did this, because I saved two cents, which I later spent for chewing gum.) I got off with this "guy" at Summit St., Jersey City, and waited for the train to 33d St., New York. I followed this fellow to the next train, and we got out at 28th St.

He saw me following him, like a lost sheep, and told me to stay with him, and so I did, until I lost him in the crowd, of which I will speak later. I walked down 28th St. to Fifth Ave., where there was a crowd already, but I got a place, so did the other fellow. At 9 o'clock the crowd was chased from the other side of the street, and of course the place I wanted was "copped" by some other person. The crowd was chased to the curb at least ten times in six minutes, and at last I was chased out of the crowd for yelling at the guardian of the law who had charge of the crowd. He told me if I didn't like it I should go on my way, and applauded my oral eloquence with a good kick. I went on, and walked up. Another policeman told me to go where I came from. I told him I came from Newark to see the parade; he said, "You know what I mean, g'wan and beat it." So I went on the other side. I had more adverse criticism as to my humble efforts to get a place in the front of the crowd. I walked up and walked down, for at least an hour longer. The parade was to begin at 11 o'clock and at that time I was 'way back in the crowd at 42d St. because I heard a man say that at that place they were to be reviewed by great men and other officials.

So there I was at 42d St. and Fifth Ave., but where? Nearly a half a block away from Fifth Ave. I nearly had a peachy place only the man who owned the automobile told me to get off his radiator or he would make a certain part of my body as hot as his radiator. I walked on. I wanted a drink, and so I walked to some park where there was a K. of C. hut, but a sailor wouldn't let me go in. I wanted to walk down 43d St., but that block was squared off by cops, who wouldn't let me go there because they thought I was an anarchist or something. I climbed up on the Sixth Ave. "L" station to see what was going on in Fifth Ave. I saw wounded soldiers being taken in automobiles to grandstands by nurses. I heard music and I knew the parade had begun. I couldn't see a thing. I remembered that I was on the "L" station, and bought a ticket, but the fellow who collects the tickets at the door didn't ask me for a ticket so I didn't give it to him. I rode up to 101st St., where I expected to see the parade from a good point of vantage, but when I got there I found that Fifth Ave. was a good distance from the station. I had to walk through Central Park, and never was I so tired, I was on my feet since 8 o'clock, and it near 12:30. I walked on and reached Fifth Ave., but when I reached there—I saw a grandstand which extended three miles.

A bunch of cops guarded the grandstand, but they must have gone for a drink (remember this was in March), and I climbed over the stone wall which formed the back of the grandstand. I found some papers and made a place for myself to sit on, as the floor of my seat was the ground. Municipal home guards policed the grandstand so I couldn't get a real seat, but as my luck would have it, I found an aisle and looked through the stairs and through one of these home guards' legs. At last a band was heard and people cheered, I couldn't; I was afraid to be caught under there and be sent out, and this place was satisfactory. The soldiers came by and they received much applause. They were led by Major General O'Ryan. The men wore "tin derbies," carried light packs, wore hobnailed shoes which only weigh seven pounds (imagine marching five miles to rhythm in these shoes; why some of you can't walk two blocks to the trolley in light patent leather pumps without yelling that your feet hurt, and you want to ride), and carried guns with bayonets. The 108th Infantry wore green trench helmets, and if I didn't know it was this regiment and of this division I would have sworn that they were the "Fighting Sixty-ninth" of the Rainbow Division.

After the parade was over, I started to walk down Fifth Ave., but there was too much traffic, so I was shoved into Central Park, which I started to go for and looked for a path. I saw some fellows climbing up a rocky bluff and I got up. I walked on in the park, and saw a big stone thing, which I was told was called "Cleopatra's Needle" and imported "at a great expense from Egypt" by J. Pierpont Morgan.

(*Continued on page 54*)

THE FINAL SHOWDOWN

By William Blum

His name was James Dunn, "Jimmy" they called him in his home town. But he had fallen in with a rough crowd and had paid the price. "Two years!" the judge had said; and Jimmy had paid in hard, grim years. Through it all, though, back in his cell he had resolved to live straight when he returned to God's country.

Now he was back. An old chum, who had known him back in the far-'way college days and who had not heard of his recent stay up the river, secured for him a position in the U. S. Treasury. He was working there now, working his way slowly but surely to promotion. And then one night—

Two men stopped him on the street and showed him a badge of a local detective agency. They then accompanied him to his home, where one of them unearthed two plates hidden away in an old trunk.

"So, Jimmy," said the leader, "two years wasn't enough, eh?"

"My God, you don't mean—"

"Aw, cut the sob stuff. What do you take us for? Infants? They looked too good to you, eh, and you couldn't help liftin' them?"

Jimmy was breathing fast, and his face was white. Half-sobbing he was muttering, "I didn't do it. So help me, I didn't."

The door opened, and four men entered. "Well, Jim," said one of them, turning to the chief detective, "what does he say?"

"Oh, he's pullin' the innocent gag. But he'll come through." And Jim, the detective, turned to the other Jim, the white, scared Jim, and told him what was wanted. A confession of guilt, such a confession as would convict him before any jury. But Jimmy shook his head. And then began the "third-degree"; such a one as even the worst back room of the police department could not equal. So through the night, and in the morning Jimmy awoke to find a confession signed in his name—his handwriting.

With a groan he surrendered himself to the six officers of the law, and quit his rooms.

* * * * * * * *

Darkness! . . . Silence! . . . and there in that room he was hiding. Not a stir, not a sound, nothing but that monotonous stillness. So he was waiting there behind the portieres, a blue-steel automatic in his hand. About him that impenetrable darkness. And when his cramped limbs were beginning to ache under the strain, he moved.

"Come out of that!"

Jim Carson quivered with surprise in his hiding-place. He hesitated for a moment, but at the thought of his helplessness in that room, he obeyed.

"Now you're actin'. Back up against that wall! That's it. Drop the gat on the floor! Ye-eh. And keep your hands up in the air, and not a move."

With this the stranger became active. Quickly he crossed the room and secured the surrendered weapon. Then across to the opposite wall, his own "gat" always leveled at the captive Carson. The intruder's fingers were already working at the lock-combination; a few whirls of the knob, a mumbled curse, another try and the heavy door swung back. Came an exclamation, and the burglar centered his attention on the safe contents.

The automatic sagged!

Jim Carson leaped to the safe. He seized a chair, and with one continuous motion swung it up and then down. Nothing! The chair crashed onto the floor and broke in a thousand pieces. And then the stranger acted. He opened with a heavy swing to Jim Carson's over-proportionate stomach, and as the recipient of this playful tap doubled with pain, his jaw collided with a heavy, fast-moving object. Round and round went the room, whirling madly, then—blank.

"That'll settle him for a while," muttered the stranger, returning to the safe. But now new forces had sprung into action. Out in the street a whistle sounded. The police! Came another whistle, and then a rush of footsteps.

Someone was rapping at the door. The stranger hurriedly finished his work, collected his tools, and rushed to the window. And as he swung out, a door panel crashed inward and a flame spurted out. The police rushed in a moment later.

Outside, a cordon of police was drawing its net closer and closer about the residence of James Carson. And within, the owner had recovered consciousness. He assured the police that nothing was missing but some money and a few valuable papers. The chief said nothing in reply, but as he turned in the doorway he saw in the eyes of Jim Carson a deep-lying fear; gaunt, gnawing fear. And beneath one of the windows of James Carson's mansion the police found a counterfeit plate of the 1912 stamp, and the plate was covered with blood not five hours old.

* * * * * * * *

Blackness again; the blackness of the night outside. A part of Crimeland; to be exact, a dingy house in the midst of a block of "coke-joints" and "gin-mills." Six figures appeared, dressed in a wealthy fashion. They each drew forth a slip of paper, and read for the twentieth time that day:

> "To one of the Six:—Present yourself at No. — West B— Street tonight. You have one chance. Retribution, or the police!"

They then disappeared into the ill-lighted hall. A little room led off from this, and they went inside. Five minutes, ten minutes; and then two figures stationed themselves outside the door of that room.

Within the room, James Carson was speaking. "Now listen," and his voice was a whine, "you've gotta explain your acts. What have you been doing the last month or so?"

The man so addressed smiled. He was quite young; young indeed if mere years are the measure of youth and age, but if experience, grim experience count for anything, then he was older by far, so read his face, than the men before him. He stroked a bandaged hand as he replied, "See here, Carson, let's cut this out. You know what I got; you know what I want. Well, there's only one answer: you gotta pay!"

"Pay? But why—"

"Yes, go ahead, Carson, and ask me why. Why must you pay? Why must you make good? Well, here's why. For the five years I toiled and slaved and committed every dirty, dishonest, ungodly act; for those years within your grasp when I worked and worked and worked. All, all for you! so that you might rest secure in your fine homes. And for me, for me, out there in the dark, working always with the fear of the police gnawing at my heart and soul and mind until I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep; and for me out there doing your dirty work, you never cared. For all this, yes and more, Carson, you and your pack must pay."

"But that's blackmail!"

"Blackmail! Yes, call it that. And your sinless hearts revolt at the thought. You, who've played that trick and every other dirty, lying, thieving job for the last twenty years. Well, it's either blackmail, as you put it, or the police."

Carson smiled. "What do you mean, the police?"

"Here's what I mean. Five years ago, wasn't it, when we met? Then you were on the highway to success. But you needed a smart, young fellow to do your dirty jobs for you. And you heard of Jimmy Dunn, ex-convict, who had found a position in the U. S. Treasury. And you 'planted' two plates, counterfeit plates and poor imitations at that. But Jimmy didn't know, didn't think. And you faked a confession and made him your tool for life, didn't you?

"For five years this Jimmy worked and sweated for you. And ever he sought the hiding-place of the confession. Came a day when he found it, and began operations. But you learned of this, and removed the plates and the evidence to Jim Carson's home. Jimmy didn't know of this, and sacked the five houses, and in the sixth he found his confession.

"So much for that. During those long five years, this same Jimmy had collected his evidence against his masters. And each of the six has something against him in that pile; something enough to send him up for a long stretch. And you asked, Carson, what I've got?

"Well, Carson, this is the showdown. The worm has turned, and I've got you good and tight."

James Carson mopped his brow. "Well, where's the evidence, and what's the price?"

Jimmy smiled. "It'll take just twenty thousand apiece to get one-half the evidence. Sit down, Carson! my men are at the door."

Carson took out his wallet and handed out the money, crisp bills to the prescribed amount. And with that smile, Jimmy gave him an envelope.

"I said, Carson," Jimmy was saying, "that this money'd cover one-half the evidence. Well, that's the evidence. And this little sum will pay back some of the money I got for you during those hard five years. What's that? When will you get the rest of the evidence? In a short time, I hope, for I've placed it in the safe of the District Attorney.

"Don't move! You're all covered from the hall. I'm going now, and, Carson, a pleasant stay in the 'pen'."

The door swung shut.

REMINISCENCES OF A SENIOR

By Jacob Schmukler

To the average observer of human nature, when he looks upon "His Majesty" the Senior, nothing strikes him as extraordinary or strange. But those who have at one time or another experienced the thrills of self-satisfaction and self-importance which are synonymous with the word Senior, know otherwise. A Senior! to be a Senior! that is paradise on earth. What toil, hardships, setbacks, and perseverance it means to some Seniors; and what joy, exultation and fond memories it means to others.

To me it means both. Four short years ago on a dismal February morning I trudged for the first time on my way to Central in the company of other young aspirants. I had just emerged a proud Senior from the graded school, and I demanded respect, and reverence from my fellow beings, but to my chagrin and disappointment I was mocked and ridiculed as a Freshman, a little Won-Bee. Whom had I offended to be thus treated? What laws had I trespassed? But I discovered soon enough that this was the fate of all who ever crossed Central's threshold for the first time and I descended from my high horse and bowed with reverence to the upper classmen.

Time passed soon enough and one day I found myself lifted out of the degraded caste. I was a Sophomore. I began to see things in a clearer light; I made acquaintances and friendships; I absorbed knowledge; I was happy.

In a similar manner I succeeded in climbing the third rung of the ladder and now the goal is reached. But

this does not conclude my story. Four years ago I came to Central's open and beckoning portals. I knew no one and was alike unknown. After four years of daily contact with both student and teacher I can well say I know, and am known.

The underlying principle of the present high school education is a desire to mould better citizens for future America as well as to assist the individual to be more competent and better able to be a success in this world of keen competition. Are the educational authorities succeeding in these great undertakings, or are they spending time and labor in vain? These are queries which can best be answered by the overwhelming and misleading underling of Father Time—the Future.

But rather let us interest ourselves for the present in a few well-known types of Seniors. In my experience I have encountered those well-meaning young people whose solitary companion during their High School career has been the book exclusively. A wise policy, my friends, but not a practical one. Book knowledge is to be highly commended, but practical experience has definitely proved that book knowledge plus practical appliance means success, but either without the other is comparatively worthless. It would, indeed, be a wise policy for those lovers of the script to be more practical in their future undertakings.

The next type of Senior who is foremost in the minds of his classmates, is the one who is up and about, doing praiseworthy things for the common welfare. He is admired and honored, for honor is due to those that truly deserve honor. However, this type of student is not immune from criticism. A gross fault of these Seniors is that they overdo some things. In their enthusiasm to work for the common welfare and the good of others, they forget themselves, and while their classmates pass on, reaping the fruits of the others' labor, they remain in school on account of poor scholarship. They sigh but to no avail, and they have to drink the cup of sorrow to its very dregs, for after that they are honored no longer. To such a person the effect of a dose of book knowledge would be stimulating.

The third and most commendable type of Senior is the all around student who engages in every school activity and at the same time keeps a steady place on the Honor Roll. Like common sense, a student of the last-named type is very rare. It would be advisable for the students and gratifying to the teachers if more pupils at present attending the high schools would try to be scholars, athletes and social workers simultaneously. I claim no such honors.

To continue with the discussion of the Senior: it is interesting to note how "he struts and frets like a cock in his own domain." Forsooth, who has a better right to the school than the Senior? In my estimation he is not to be chastened by any person for this haughtiness of spirit. The joys of a Senior are but shortlived. He struggles for four years and sometimes longer and this is his canny reward. As soon as he is graduated his place is immediately filled by those right behind him, and he, the proud one, has to tread once more into the world of commonplaces. Wherever he goes to college or engages in business he is again a novice and is looked down upon as one holding an inferior position in this world of greater things.

As I glance back and recount the experiences during my stay in Central I feel, as no doubt many others do, as if I had not used my time and opportunities to the best advantage, but it is only human nature to fondle in the memory the vain and deluding thoughts of what might have been if this and that were thus and so. To me with my little knowledge of human nature, it seems that if we were afforded the opportunity to do things for a second time we would commit the self-same follies and act as ridiculously as the characters in Dr. Heidigger's well-known experiment. Any one who is familiar with English literature will recall to mind the quotation of Shakespeare: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves."

In order to gain the point of vantage we must fight for it and do so at the psychological moment, for time and tide waits for no man. We live only once, and in that short interval of time we must do our utmost, otherwise we are left out of the limelight and looked upon as one of humanity's outcasts.

I can frankly state that my high school career was a wonderful and varied experience, but my only regret is that I realized this too late and I could not derive all the material benefits and gains afforded. Aside from that I have established acquaintances, acquaintances and dear friendships with fellow students and faculty, and it will ever be a dear and cherishing memory to recall the time I spent my hours in Central, in the days of the past.

My advice to underclassmen (and we are all underclassmen in most of our undertakings) is to profit by past experience. "A wise man profits by others' mistakes" is a well-known adage. We cannot, however, all be sages, and the least we can do is to make our future career as undeviating and unfluctuating from the right course, as natural phenomena will permit.

This is the watchword of the Seniors of January, 1920: "Tu ne cede malis." What does that mean? "Tu ne cede malis," a small and insignificant phrase in itself. But when we come to analyze it, it has a different aspect. When I stare at those words I can see this confronting me: *"DO NOT YIELD TO MISFORTUNE."* It is a sound piece of advice. The successful man does not stop for petty misfortunes, he steps over them and in his desire to attain greater goals forgets them. Were this motto the perpetual beacon light for the Seniors, when they are all afloat in their various keels on the rough sea of life, they would reach their port safely during every storm.

As a farewell greeting I exhort all my classmates and other students of Central to seek the best in everyone, for we live only to worship God and serve humanity.

THE SENIORS VISIT THE INNER SHRINE

By Rose Dwork

Each term brings with it its graduation and preceding each graduation comes a day when all those expecting to graduate flock eagerly to the office of Mr. Wiener to learn their fate. It is on that day that the office holds a strange fascination for all, undergraduate as well as those on the verge of graduation. The office becomes a hotbed of confusion—excited seniors scurry to and fro, beckon to each other frantically, shuffle from place to place through sheer nervousness; while the undergraduates add to the tumult by whispers and comments.

But the real treat for the undergraduate comes when the signal is given and he sees all the haughty seniors who have so long tormented him with their high and mighty ways line up shiveringly before Mr. Wiener's office. He is then at liberty to enjoy the innocent ravings of the senior during his greatest state of excitement.

"Aw, say, do ya think I've a ghost of a chance," he overheard a young lady senior with an established reputation for parties, say to her chum.

"Sure, you have; gosh, if that languishing dummy," pointing to a tall slim girl who had just emerged triumphantly from the office, "slipped through you'll walk through. What d'you say?"

The last remark was aimed at the fellow in back of them but he was in no state to reply. His lips were parted but they emitted no sound. The muscles of his face worked spasmodically; his eyes bore a stupefied expression. One of the girls indulged in a hysterical giggle at him and turned to the very pert young lady in front of her who ventured to give her opinion. "I don't care if I graduate or not. It's the least of my worries, I'll say. High school isn't the only place, you know."

The particular undergraduate was led to believe that perhaps she knew what she was talking about since she was well prepared for the worst. But one young fellow who happened to overhear what she had said, "poo-pooed" her remark, and pointed out to all those about him that her legs were visibly trembling in spite of the protection of her skirt and in spite of her air of bravado. This extracted from the seniors a little dry laughter, which was rather jerky too, on account of the sadness of the occasion, and a great deal of hilarious laughter from the undergraduates.

The next that came to the ears of the undergraduate was a shrill, treble, half-sobbing cry: "I can't believe it; I can't believe it." The owner of that cry appeared outside Mr. Wiener's doorway, poised for a moment like a bird in flight, then rushed headlong into the arms of her waiting friend (from whom she received a hug) and continued with a gulp, "Oh, he said it so easily, as though it didn't concern him a bit; and there was I half fainting against his desk. When I saw his mouth open and heard him say, 'Passed,' I thought my ears had deceived me and stared so hard, and looked so stupefied that Mr. Wiener was forced to look at me and laugh."

Then came the vanquished hero who had entered Mr. Wiener's office so proud and self-confident, and who now emerged crestfallen, unable to look at his schoolmates, trying to slink out of the other doorway without being spied. This example made all undergraduates serious for a moment, during which time they vowed that when they became seniors they would avoid overconfidence and pride previous to entering Mr. Wiener's secluded kingdom.

Then the ordeal of visiting Mr. Wiener was over; the nervous tension relaxed; the hugging and kissing began and laughter reigned supreme for undergraduate and graduate.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL REMIND US

By Israel H. Lyne

A holiday at last—Thanksgiving! Thankful for having passed my chemistry—thankful for having passed my English and economics—happy for having finished my monthly piece in joinery.

I gulped my dinner down like Johnson, chiming along these "classic selections" of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" and "Tell Me." I walked out of my home—what a day! I took a deep breath—I felt my lungs expand and contract. The sun seemed brighter, the air seemed purer, the horses appeared to run more lively, and everybody in general appeared rejoiceful.

Walking along aimlessly, I finally strolled into Market street; unconsciously I passed Proctor's—took a sniff at their bill and then at their price list, and on I strolled; a look at the admission sign of the Strand and away I proceeded. I kept going—tipped my hat to a friend here and there, answering their common question with simply, "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way." I crossed a few blocks, always following the crowd, when true indeed, as if by magic, I stood before a familiar vestibule with the sign engraved above it—"The Free Public Library." Yes, indeed, this time I walked up to the second floor four steps at a time, jumped up to the left balcony, sat down at my usual seat, stretched out my hand on the table, and picked up from there a book at random.

The cover of the book immediately struck me as odd. There was a large 4½" x 6" picture on it showing thick, heavy clouds clearing off in the distance, with a huge rainbow in the foreground. A big, ro-

bust superman stood triumphant over a small, crumbled body; I found this inscribed under it:

"Ou sont les neiges d'antar."

(Where are the snows of yesteryear?)

A red border surrounded this picture and to my astonishment I found this above the illustration: "An Expansion on Darwinism," and below it, "By Experto Crede," (which, if I remember correctly from my Latin days, means, "Trust one who has had experience").

It then occurred to me that curiosity once killed a cat, but my enthusiasm to pry into the subject matter was beyond control, and so I turned to the contents page and read this synopsis of it:

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward! forward! let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the diving grooves of change!"

—*Tennyson.*

"Charles Darwin, the world-renown scientist, proves to you that we owe our existence to a minute particle called a 'nucleus,' which for all that we know might have come from the moon. He further tells you that this developed into a form known as a 'protoplasm,' which next took the shape of a fish. After many intermittent changes, this evolved into the monkey, then into the ape, next into the 'missing link' and finally into Man in his present form."

But, will Man stop here? Will he forever remain this poor, humble creature, playing with such toys as the automobile, the aeroplane, the sixty-mile per hour express train, and the submarine boat? The writer of this book wishes it to be known that he maintains that Man will not remain in this stationary position, and he defies anyone who holds to the contrary. The writer cries out, "Halt! let us stop; consider the facts at their face value."

"Back about 3,500 years ago we behold the Egyptians, the Assyrians and the Babylonians. Have you noticed their features? Have you observed their dark complexion, and their odd faces? Look at their loose, cheap garments; look at their abodes of living and compare them with that of—but, no—let us take the Roman. We see that his conditions are improvements over the former ones. Instead of tents as was the case in Egypt and Assyria, we find huts and, yes, even houses; their standard of living is altogether different. And so, if we follow up age after age, and period after period, we can trace this continuous change until finally we arrive at the present Frenchman, the present Englishman, and the present American.

"An equal number of years will yet elapse; Man, that shifty, fickle creature, will evolve into what appears now a dream—the Superman.

"Instead of driving dynamos to create electrical currents, this Superman will harness the earth itself to generate electricity through its own motion. Instead of building aeroplanes by which aviators might commit suicide (practically painlessly), the Superman will build houses with roof gardens towering hundreds of feet into the air; first, so as to relieve housing conditions; and, secondly, so that the consumptives will not have to travel to Colorado for pure air, but will be able to live in their home cities with practically no extra expense. Instead of drilling wells for oil so that we could run automobiles and gasoline engines, or mining coal to produce locomotive power, the Superman will invent the perpetual motion machine, and thus have the poor man, who doesn't own $5 but is in debt $50, ride a flivver alongside of the multi-millionaire. There will be no schools in which human beings might get brain fever or concussion, as there will be no need for such specimens of humanity as doctors, for the Superman will compound a panacea. Accountants? No! the Superman will make machines for figuring just as some one invented the clock or watch to count for us time. Regarding working the farms, great strides will be made in matters like harvesting machines, etc.; and as to milking cows the writer believes that the cow will then have attained a stage of being self-dependent.

"And do I exaggerate? If you think so just stop and look at the ignorant Egyptian tribes or even the Indian tribes, and then look at Henry Ford, Tom Edison, Stephenson, etc., and you will see that the Latin poet was right when he said:

"Tempora mutantus, it nos mutamus in illis."

(The times are changed, and we are changed with them.)

Thus I completed this wonderful expostulation of evolution. My head swam and I felt dizzy; so I decided to take the fresh air. On my way home I resolved to write to this author, care of the publishing company, first, to commend him on his splendid scientific treatise; secondly, to point out to him the fact that he was at least two million years out of date; and third, that although theoretically his work sounds well, it is very preposterous to believe that such a decided change will ever be at hand at any time.

To my utmost astounding amazement I received the following answer to my brief communication:

My Dear Sir:

In reference to your letter of Nov. 27 prox.—that is to say, your letter of approximately Nov. 27—I, the author of "An Expansion on Darwinism," wish to state right here and there that your comment as to my work being out of date two million years is erroneous. As space will not permit any lengthy discussion on the subject, if you will call at the below address, I hope to explain to your full satisfaction, as to everything that you object.

Yours truly,

EXPERTO CREDE.

(Trust one who has had experience.)

Cell No. 19,
Overbrook Insane Asylum,
Essex County, N. J.

INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING AS A PROFESSION

Many young men today have added to their vocabulary the words "Industrial Engineering." These words bear no meaning—call forth no more associations than that industrial means "pertaining to factory" and engineering, something concerning machinery.

By industrial engineering today is meant a service which observes industry; analyzes the very elements; suggests and improves methods and means; trains and selects, and helps toward the development of an industry or business. The word "Business-Doctor" well applies to an industrial engineer.

Industrial engineering is a profession. It is a science of improving methods, so to speak, in a business or industry. The engineer treats the firm as a doctor does the patient. He analyzes and observes conditions and proceeds to remedy by suggestions and prescriptions. If an operation is necessary whereby the doctor removes some part which has been a detriment to the service or the human system, he suggests this. The industrial engineer does no differently with a firm or concern.

There is a great need today for industrial and business engineers as well as national efficiency. There is the cry of "making every move, every motion, every swing count," whether it is "over the top," in the office, in the school or on the gridiron.

Obtain "maximum results at a minimum cost" is the every-day slogan. Surely a class must develop which will concentrate its efforts upon the installation, organization, development of a system or science to effect betterment of conditions.

This new field which is open and just merely grazed by new scientists known as industrial engineers is called "Scientific Management."

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt said of scientific management:

"Scientific management is the application of the conservation principle to production. It does not concern itself with the ownership of our natural resources, but in the factories where it is in force it guards these stores of raw materials from loss and misuse. First, by finding the right material, the special wood or steel or fiber, which is cheapest and best for the purpose. Second, by getting the utmost finished product out of every pound of bale worked up. We couldn't ask more from a patriotic motive, than scientific management gives from a selfish one.

"Now, the time, health and vitality of our people are as well worth conserving at least, as our forests, minerals and lands. And scientific management seems to do even more for the workman than for raw materials. It studies him at his task. Of the motions he makes and the efforts he puts forth, it determines by patient observation, which are the ones that get the result. It experiments to see whether these cannot be further shortened, or made easier for him.

"When the right way has been worked out in every detail, scientific management sets it up as a standard for the job; then, instructs and trains the workman until he can accomplish this standard. And so on with all workmen and all other jobs. The individual is first made efficient; his productive capacity is raised 25 or 50 per cent., sometimes doubled. From these efficient units is built up an efficiency organization. And when we get efficiency in all our industries and commercial ventures national efficiency will be a fact."

It is a widely known and emphasized fact that industrial engineering, of which business or shop organization and management are integral and vital parts, implies not merely the making and distribution of a given product, but the making and distribution of that product at the "lowest cost" consistent with the maintenance of the intended standards.

The day of haphazard and makeshift methods has passed. The manufacturer who wishes to stay in business must fix his prices upon provable facts, otherwise he is not deserving of the confidence of his customers or of the community. Selling prices are fairest when they include not only a reasonable profit along cost of manufacture, but the elements of efficiency of production and management which assures the buyer that the cost has not been inflated through careless or extravagant business methods. First among the tools for industrial advancement is scientific management—a science which, in its larger phases, embraces organization and work procedure, as well as processes and methods that are essential to recording financial, market, and labor relations for managerial purposes.

PHILIP A. SOBEL,
C. H. S., June, 1915.

Member of the firm SOBEL-GENNELL & CO., INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERS AND ACCOUNTANTS.

NOTE—The writer will gladly interview any of the students of Central High School who are interested in this phase of work.

AN ADVENTURE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

BY BENJAMIN PELTZ

(With due apologies to A. Conan Doyle.)

Sherlock Holmes was playing cards with his intimate friend, Dr. Watson, when suddenly a step was heard in the hall.

"There is a client for me," exclaimed the great detective, in a tone of great satisfaction; "he will save me from the dullness and quietness of everyday life which is unbearable to me."

The next moment a knock was heard upon the door and a tall, stout, red-headed man burst into the room,

whose entire body quivered and was worked up to a state of high excitement, which amused Dr. Watson greatly.

"Be seated and state your case," begged the mighty Sherlock, happy in anticipation of having a mystery to solve, "and I will endeavor to help you."

"Someone has got my goat," cried the fiery-headed man, "and I cannot be happy until it is found," he added.

"Not so fast," pleaded Holmes; "state your case clearly and concisely."

"My goat has disappeared together with my livery keeper," he continued, "and I want you to find them both."

He was talking so quickly that he fell exhausted into the chair behind him. Holmes then asked him to lead them to the scene of the tragedy, and he would see what he could do for him.

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson were led to a small barn in back of a two-storied white house. From there were visible in the muddy road leading away from the barn, wheel tracks three inches deep. Holmes' keen eyes instantly saw these.

"The profession in which I interest myself requires much thought and deduction," he exclaimed. "See! We follow these tracks; they lead us to the road and then along the road. We are led to this apartment house, about a mile from the livery stable; we follow these footmarks into the cellar, and there in the cellar we must find our man."

The three entered the cellar and there was the livery keeper, bound and gagged, rolling along the pavement. He was absorbing the dirt into his clothes as well as any vacuum cleaner could, thus saving trouble for the janitor.

Holmes' jaw dropped when he saw this, and all were as perplexed as at the beginning of the search.

The bound man was instantly freed, and was asked for an explanation. The explanation of the livery keeper left them in the dark, for it amounted to this: A man came to him at about 11 o'clock and asked a question. Before he could answer he was struck on the head, and from that time he could not remember anything until he found himself in the cellar, bound and gagged.

At this point the great detective put his great powers to work and deduced the following: The thief wanted the animal because of the prevalent high prices of meat, and he could not attain his end unless he put the livery keeper out of the way. He also deduced that the goat, together with the thief, would never be heard of again.

"What a clever man," said the red-headed man, who was glad to receive his servant back, and gave Holmes a $50 bill for his services.

"Now I must again enter that monotonous every-day life which I detest," said Holmes to his friend Dr. Watson, as they made their way home.

CLASS HISTORY

I.

On a clear, cool day in February,
We entered as Freshmen, all unwary.
The girls, with bows like butterflies,
The boys, in knickers, with saucer-like eyes.
And our first year we'll ne'er forget;
We didn't have to worry or fret.
Our books we took with us every night,
We couldn't let them out of our sight.

II.

When most of us became Sophomores,
We thought the Seniors awful bores;
We looked at the Freshmen with great glee,
To think that as they were, so once were we.
And the rest of the school we did haughtily spurn,
We were Sophomores now, we had nothing to learn.
But we learned to leave some of our books behind,
To bluff all the more, and never to grind.

III.

When the title of Junior was on us conferred,
Troubles came also of which we'd not heard,
But the students were gay, though there hung over each
The terrible thought of next Term's morning speech.
We longed to be Seniors and look wise and proud,
And frowned on the Freshies and said they were loud.
We always took with us at least one thick book,
To give us that dignified, scholarly look.

IV.

Then came the day when those who had passed
Came into their own, and were Seniors at last.
But Oh, what a difference from what they had dreamed,
The life of a Senior was not what it seemed.
"The Diploma's the thing," is what we all cried,
For even as Seniors we're not satisfied.
But the time's near at hand when we'll leave you, and so
Farewell from January, 1-9-2-0.

A. M. B.

Central Indoor Meet—February 21, 1919



A HOMILY

BY A TEACHER

"The human being is a mass of undiscovered possibilities—possibilities of endurance, possibilities of power, possibilities of service. In peace and in war the statement has proved itself time and time again.

"The Aladdin-like successes in our business life attest to the truth of the remark. A newsboy becomes one of the country's film magnates; a graduate from a medical school becomes one of the world's greatest real estate operators; a manufacturer of matches becomes one of the country's great bankers, etc., etc.

"The war, too, has made the same truism apparent. We have read of the powers of endurance strained to the utmost, endurance of physical pains, hunger, thirst, wounds—endurance of mental and spiritual agonies, searing remembrances of the fate of loved ones, the loss of faith in a world gone awry. Millions upon millions of all ages and both sexes, endured and endured and endured long after the limit had apparently been reached. The war revealed possibilities of power, too. The stolid peasant, the bent factory worker, the office-man, eyes dim with poring over figures—all showed an ability to do things for which their previous mode of living had not prepared them, and in times of great emergency the will and power to accomplish the seemingly impossible. Men from civil life rose to command of armies; men in the ranks gained commissions; men who had never seen an aeroplane in their lives learned to 'loop the loop' and dive like a 'falling leaf'; lawyers became adept at digging ditches; teachers helped to build railroads; bookkeepers drove motor trucks. Hidden possibilities were revealed to a wondering world and to the still more astonished men who performed these unusual tasks.

"The opening up of new possibilities was not confined to men alone. Old traditions as to the kinds of jobs fitted for women went by the board, and a surprised and admiring world saw women making inventions and deadly gases, running street cars and building elevators, loading freight cars, and driving motor ambulances and trucks.

"The war has brought out clearly what intelligent people have observed ages ago—that the powers of endurance and accomplishment of the common garden variety of human beings are practically unlimited. Employment managers, who have made it their business to fit men into jobs, have found that roughly 70 per cent. of the applicants for jobs, with a little training, could be fitted for any one of a dozen different tasks, that about 15 per cent. would make only a mediocre showing in any but the one job best adapted to their capabilities, and that about 10 per cent. would be absolute failures unless placed in the exact position for which their aptitudes call.

"Take this lesson to heart. You, each individual, you can probably make a success in any one of a dozen occupations. If the opportunity offers, grasp it. The opportunity may be one for a higher position, or one in another occupation, or one involving a complete change of procedure in your adopted vocation. Whatever the chance may be, provided it is one for the better and one which offers an opportunity for growth, take it and carry it *through*. Do not dabble first in one track and then in another. That is not the intent of this article. But seize worth-while opportunities and see them through."



THE UNDERGRADUATE'S CHANCE

When the class of January, 1920, graduates, the athletic department of Central will receive a very severe blow. Not only is every sport represented by more than one student, but there are boys in the class who have been active participants in more than one sport. Heading the list of all-round athletes come the names of Harry Morchower and Gene Donnelly. These two fellows' names have been associated with sporting annals at the school since they were sophomores. Included in Morchower's list of sports we find football, on which team he played end for two seasons, earning recognition as one of the best ends in the state, and on which team he was captain. Harry also played on the baseball team for three seasons, managed and played basketball, and played on the 'varsity and inter-class soccer teams.

Donnelly played on the football team also for two seasons, playing at center and end, and his name is also among the top-notchers in this sport. Gene caught for the baseball team for three seasons and was elected captain of the team which tied Barringer for the City Championship in 1919. He was manager of the indoor track team and was also a member of the National indoor champs at this sport. Soccer was in Gene's repertoire.

Another brilliant Senior is Fred Freibott, who numbers among his activities baseball, basketball, soccer and track. Fred played second base on the near-championship team in baseball. Freibott ran on the 4B class relay team which won the first place in the recent indoor meet. Other members of that team were Brant, Kleiber, Weiss, Arnold, Kafka and Donnelly.

Pfeill is another active athlete who will graduate. In his line we find track, cross-country, soccer and class relay. Richman was a member of the baseball, football and soccer teams. Pennell, who was a member of the championship track and cross-country teams, also ran on the class relay teams and was a member of the 'varsity and inter-class soccer teams.

Others active in sports are: Rath, who was a member of the track, cross-country and class relay teams; Poles and Gabrowitz, whose activities have been confined to basketball; Tischler, who indulged in soccer and football; Sherman, who played on the class basketball and 'varsity basketball teams; and Weiss, Brant, Kleiber and Arnold, who ran on various class relay teams. Brant was also assistant manager of the football team in 1918.

Thus we can see that in talent and variety no class has ever beaten and few have equaled the record which the class of January, 1920, has hung up for the succeeding classes to aim at. That the hole which is left in the ranks of the athletes is a large and much felt one. However, as in the past the task will be sagely trusted to the undergraduate body to "carry on" and we feel assured that they will do so successfully.

FEBRUARY 21 SET FOR DATE OF INDOOR GAMES

February, what a month! The last month of the first term of the all-year school. Only eighteen school days. Two holidays and the Big Meet right between them.

It has been officially announced that the Annual Indoor National Interscholastic Championship games are to be held on February 21. This year Mr. Anderson is giving his undivided attention to the running of the meet. Successful as they have been in the past, the outlook for the games this year is bigger and brighter than ever. At this time of the indoor season all of the world's greatest performers are gathered in the metropolitan district and will be easily induced to run in the A. A. U. Championships.

Plans for seating accommodations for the crowd which flocks to the games are already under consideration. The program has not yet been definitely settled but it is expected that it will be similar to that of last year.

SENIORS IN EVERY SPORT

BASEBALL

Donnelly (Capt.) ..... Richman
Morchower ..... Freibott

FOOTBALL

Morchower (Capt.) ..... Richman
Donnelly ..... Tischler

TRACK TEAM

Rath ..... Donnelly
Pfeil ..... Pennell

CROSS-COUNTRY

Pennell ..... Freibott
Rath ..... Pfeil (Mgr.)

BASKETBALL

Poles (Capt.) ..... Freibott
Morchower (Mgr.) ..... Gabrowitz
Shermann ..... Kafka

SOCCER

Morchower ..... Richman
Tischler ..... Donnelly
Freibott ..... Pennell

CLASS RELAYS

Rath ..... Freibott
Weiss ..... Pennell
Donnelly ..... Brant
Kleiber ..... Pfeil

THE KIRBY CROWN TROPHY

At the Columbia Interscholastic run the Central cross-country team fought its way to the possession of the Crown trophy. This was the first time that a Central team had competed for the prize, which was donated by Gustavus T. Kirby in 1911. The Kirby trophy is to become the possession of the school winning it three times. Three schools, Morris High, Mercersburg Academy and Schenectady High, have each won the prize twice. Now that Central has a claim to it, we hope that future Central teams may be successful in making it a permanent addition to our trophy case.

CENTRAL FINDS VAN CORTLANDT COURSE EASY

As a means of a final workout before the American championships, the Central cross-country squad entered the Columbia Interscholastic meet held November 22 at Van Cortlandt Park. The Van Cortlandt course is the hardest in the East. Other so-called cross-country runs are little more than road races, but this course has the rough in it that makes a sturdy heart necessary to face it and go through. It was just what the Central boys wanted, a good hard fight for the sport's sake, and they got it.

The Central boys toed the line along with nearly two hundred other harriers from Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania. Before a mile had been covered it could be easily seen that the Central squad had too much class for their competitors. The Newark lads teamed perfectly, Franklin Smith doing most of the pacemaking. Captain Douglas was the first Central man home. Fisher, Smith, Schwartz, Hooper, Rauch, Pennell and Burness were the other Central runners who finished in the order named. The first five of the winning team finished in third, sixth, ninth, eleventh and twelfth positions.

Marvin Rick, the sturdy New York champion, won the event in 16 mins. 53 2-5 secs. Second place went to Eddie Kirby, Barringer's ace, who finished but a stride behind Rick.

The New York Public School Title was won by Flushing with a score of 70 points. Second place for those competing for the Kirby Crown Trophy was won by Erasmus Hall on a toss-up. The team scores follow: Central, 41; Erasmus, 126; St. Benedict's 126; Mercersburg Academy, 180; Schenectady High, 280; Yonkers, 290.

CENTRAL'S FALL BONNET—THE AMERICAN CROWN

On Thanksgiving Day Central was again honored with the American crown for long distance running. The five boys who fought their way to the prize against a field of runners representing America's best were Captain George Douglas, Raymond Fisher, "Bob" Hooper, Franklin Smith and Alex Schwartz.

This is the third time that Central has nosed out her competitors at the Philadelphia affair. In 1913 the Central team won the honors, repeating again last year and this. Charles Boughton twice won the individual prize and last year it was won by George Douglas.

The Central squad won the event, which was held at Fairmount Park, with a record score of twenty-five points, breaking their own record of thirty-five points which was established in 1918. Last year our team placed in 1, 5, 6, 11 and 12 positions, while this year our representatives placed in 2, 3, 4, 6 and 10 positions.

Mr. Anderson took seven men with him, those above mentioned and also Alfred Rauch and Ves Pennell, who likewise did fine work even though they did not place in the final scoring.

Helm of Lafayette, Buffalo, was the individual winner. He covered the three and a half miles in 18 mins. 24 secs.

The team scores follow:

Central High, Newark	25
Philadelphia Central	79
Erasmus Hall	105
West Philadelphia	110
Northeast High	119
Flushing High	120
Girard High	140

Continued on page 54)

SENIOR PROPHECY

December 31, 1929.

Dear Whozis:

I now take up my pen in haste and dip my pen into the ink and try to write you of some of the things that have happened during the ten years since graduation.

Yes, now I can truthfully say that I have seen my country. I've just completed a Fordoplane tour of New Jersey and I never before realized the beauty of my own, my native land.

I'm so glad I took the advice of our worthy President, of Newark, Weltman, to "see your own country first."

He used to make frankfurter skins before he became President.

It seemed so good, though, I met so many of our schoolmates, mates who used to adorn and ornament the corridors in front of the office door with us, and mates who used to haunt the gym at noon, their desire for music and dancing insatiable.

While I'm on the subject of dancing I may as well tell you that Louis Feinseth has become the world's most famous Spaghetti Dancer! He was the originator of the dance and the main purpose of the dance seems to be to slide all over the floor—hence its name. He has for his partner Laura Eisner. I happened to run across them in Hickville, and I'll tell you Hickville is quite a place. Eugene Donnelly has become renowned as the faithful fire chief of the place. He's worn out three chairs in as many years waiting for a fire, and has become a champion snorer as well. He has quite a few Centralites in his famed company, the most important of these being Murray Breidt, who runs after the fire wagon with the hose, Ernest Krauter, who carries the water for the hose, and George Martinka, who runs ahead to tell the people that the company is on its way and is liable to be there in two hours if the sun reads aright.

We always associate the fire department with the police department, and in this case it is necessary to tell you that Jacob Schmuckler holds down the chair of Captain of Hickville's police squad. Isadore Naiman, his chum, first became famous when he passed a law saying that all policemen should wear snore-silencers while on duty so as not to wake the policemen on duty in the next county. Some of the bewhiskered policemen who serve the people of Hickville are Saul Tischler, Robert Rudolff, Albert Schwartz, and Milton Marx. I never thought they'd look so well with sideboards.

Yes, it's true that Harry Morchower has become a great engineer. He runs a peanut wagon.

On my way from Hickville to Limberg I met Florence King on the ferry boat. They use her laugh for a signal. Oh, yes, she's happily married to a man by the name of Bigby. She told me that Hilda Jaixen had married a fishmonger, after she had won renown as a stringless, stringbean model. I also heard from her that Frieda Kulzer had become an upper-attic singer, and that Elsie Gubsch had become an inmate of a convent.

Florence gave me the address of Louis Gabrowitz, who edits the "Up-in-the-Air" column of the Limberg Meekly! Of course, I had to call on my old friend Gabby and review old times. My, how that boy has changed. He wears a coupee; no, I guess it's a toupee I mean. Bright and shiny spots were beginning to shine on his noble catastrophe.

I learned from him that Louis Sosnow had invented a noiseless soupspoon and that Harry Richman had just completed his model of a "Sneeze-Silencer."

Central certainly did turn out a host of inventors. The other day I received the distinction of being the first person to try one of Ruding Kafka's holeless doughnuts, and that boy surely turned out to be some baker. Time does change people so. With one hand in the dough and the other on his heart, Kafka told me of his numerous love affairs and how often he had been jilted. He then told me that Charles Amsterdam had become a second Julian Eltinge and that Nettie Hoesly was a thriving dill-pickle merchantess. Nettie's other half, Catherine Staehle, has joined the ranks of the Salvation Army, while Alice Buck had become quite a noted Clairvoyant. She always was good at making them up, anyway.

It was while in Limberg that I met Yetta Cohen and all the little Cohenettes. She was just taking them to the day nursery that Laura Altuch had organized with the help of Rae Kleinberg. We really ought to give those girls credit, they were wise to stay old maids.

From Limberg I dropped to Hashtown after having had a collision in the air with Sophie Isenberg. Some little plane she had; it was better than mine, and she got it for selling 500 post-cards. She makes her way in the world by shining apples for Otto Brief's fruit stall. He always was good at stalling.

The first person upon whom I laid my eyes in Hashtown was Kitty Seidenberg. 'Twas at a great distance away that I saw her coming toddling towards

me and when she finally reached me I actually fell on her neck and laughed for sheer nonsense. 'Twas without much surprise that I heard that she was posing for Mellin's Baby Food Ads. Kitty was always meant for big things anyway, little ones didn't satisfy her. Her pal, Bertha Mader, has made a name for herself by teaching Spiritualism. We might have expected it of Bertha, because she always was so good and quiet (?).

Did you know that Ellis Hahn was posing for Father Time Calendars? Yep, cross my heart, but who'da thunk it?

And you didn't know that Harry Sherman was in State's Prison? Why I thought I told you that he was the under-keeper at Sing Sing. Some rise, we'll say.

Ester Rand has been discovered; and it was Christy who first got her to give of her beauty for the benefit of the millions who enjoy good-looking posters.

It was quite a surprise to me when you told me that Anna Silber, Bertha Ungerleider, and Lenore Mendel had at last succeeded in getting cast with the Ziegfield Follies. I'm sure that they'll prove foremost in the worthy rank of scrubwomen.

Well, to get back to my trip, I was about 10,000 feet in the air when I heard a terrible commotion and sort of screaming down on Mother Earth. Of course, I wasn't inquisitive, but I hated to miss anything, so I just made a tail-dive, and landed in a place called Knutberg, and the scene that met my eyes was horrifying. There in the midst of a swarm of seemingly angry people stood Fritzie Kulzer, screaming for all she was worth. Forgetting that she was an Uproar Singer and not knowing that she was making her supreme get-hit of the season singing "O'La Tumatoe Sawce," I grabbed her by her fish-hook curl and pulled her into my Ford and made for the sky. I let the machine coast so as to stop its purring and listen to Fritzie's explanation. At first she was angry at my intrusion, but only I knew what I saved her from. She misinterpreted the people's actions and noise. She then told all about Elsie and the Convent. Of course I can't write it in the letter, but I can say that there were two of them. She told me that Rose Dwork plays a piano in the 2 and 8c. store, and that her brother Harold drives a wagon for a dead horse concern. Dorothy Goodman, she said, was a saleslady, canvassing hump-back hairpins, although she married a man that made bone ones. Looks kinda queer to me.

Fannie Guritzky has succeeded in getting into society. She's President of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Potato Bugs," while Hilda Dworken is her chief assistant.

Lena Wiener has also gotten into society. She's the chief cook for the wealthy Louis Herman, who has become a prominent frankfurter-linker and has employed William Hattersly as a night watchman for the "dawgs." So many Centralites, it seems, have gone into the manufacturing business; there's Fred Freibott, he manufactures blinders for potato eyes, and Sam Hailpern, who has a large factory where he makes good squirrel food. Yes, Russell Arnold, Isadore Weinberg, and Harry and Henry Weiss have wound up in this factory and hold very responsible positions.

Ethel Oaklander, I learned, breaks spaghetti for a chop-suey haunt, and Sadie Weitzman plays the violin when soup is served. I don't see why they need the extra music.

A puncture at this part of our conversation caused us to drop on a young poultry farm. A large sign bearing the name of Morris Grunt set our minds at rest about the damage we had caused and we took ourselves up to Morris's little house. As a child that boy was always fond of chickens. He didn't recognize us at first, but then I wiggled by ears and he knew it was me and he began to confide in us and tell us many secrets.

He told us that Esther Moskowitz has a studio in Greenwich Village where she paints scenery for the "Greenwich Village Follies."

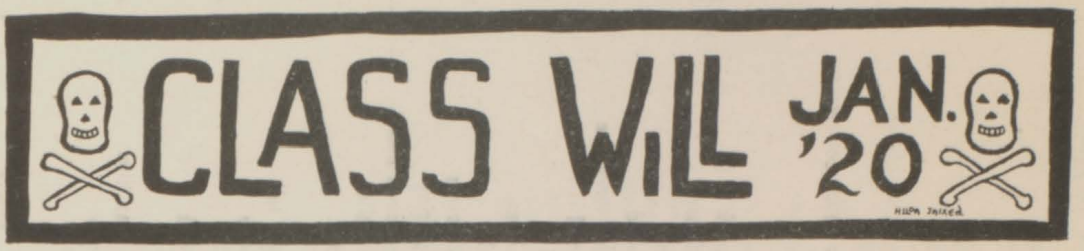
Selma Wilson and Rose Zalkin have become the most recluse of recluses, and live a secluded life shelling peanuts for a squirrel tamer.

Esther Kesselman, we learned, has gone into a curling-iron business and travels around demonstrating these irons, at the same time giving her own beautiful wavy locks as an example of the irons' merit. Morris's friend, Robert Remington, is an umbrella doctor, while Benjamin Peltz runs a canal boat up and down the Morris and Essex. Lillian Petoia, it seems, writes stories for a "Snappy Cheese" magazine, while Rose Rinsky's charming profile adorns the cover of this same magazine.

Lillian Lake, who was a great friend of Morris's, conducts a matrimonal bureau where she has innocently led many people to their doom, and made their lives unhappy ever after. Lillian told Morris that Ethel Liebe and Rose Karalunsky had become quite famous by collaborating and writing a book called "The Love Letters of a Human Chimpanzee."

It was with regret that we left the poultry farm and decided to go over to the next farm where we were told we could get something to eat. What was my surprise when I saw that the spectacled eyes and bewhiskered chin of the farmer belonged to no other person than Clifton Keating, who has a farm for the purpose of raising catnip and dandelions scientifically. 'Course he was a little bashful at first, but then he started to talk and tell us that he had read that Esther Ostrowsky and Rose Binder belonged to a side-show that is part of the circus run by Irving Minion and Morris Bornstein. Esther is a second Annette Kellerman, while Rose is supposed to come from the Hawaiian Islands. Elizabeth Morris is with the same circus and swallows needles and pins for a living, and Sophie Isenberg has been put on exhibition as "What the cannibals consider a good meal."

(*Continued on page 56*)



Know ye all men by these presents, that we, the illustrious class of January, 1920, of Central High School, of the City of Newark, County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, upon taking leave of this wonderful institution of learning, do draw up and sign as our official and valid document, this will, to become effective after our demise. In full possession of what faculties we have, we do hereby bequeath, until their life at Central shall terminate, the following items to our successors:

Article I—We hereby give and bequeath to the entire school, our beloved principal, Mr. William Wiener, who has so willingly carried us safely through the storms of life at Central High.

Article II—We also bequeath to the students of Central, especially the "cutters," our well-known teacher, Mr. Sinclair, who endeavors to keep the Centralites on the straight but narrow path.

Article III—Another treasure which we do indeed grieve to leave behind is our learned faculty. We do solemnly bequeath our teachers to the entire student body. They have striven nobly to make us valuable additions to the new world which we are about to enter. May they have less trouble with the new 4 A's than they had with us!

Article IV—To Mr. O'Brien we hereby bestow a brand new record book. We beseech the new 4 A's to strive toward keeping it free of all black marks, especially marks of tardiness!

Article V—To the 4 A's to be, we bestow the many pleasant hours spent with Miss Joyce in 110. We hope that the new class will be as quiet as the passing class was noisy.

Article VI—To the entire school, we do solemnly and regretfully bequeath THE PIVOT, which all students study diligently. We have toiled long and earnestly to help it attain its present state of perfection, and we now entrust it to the care of the new and inexperienced, but none the less sincere, 4 A class. Watch over it tenderly, and strive to be even more successful than we have been.

Article VII—Since, after graduation, we will no longer have the pleasure of visiting our lunch-room, we do hereby bequeath to everyone the distinct "pleasure" of standing patiently in the bread line which daily winds its hungry way throughout the lunch-room.

Article VIII—We do solemnly bestow upon the entire school our General Organization. We beseech all loyal Centralites to give it the sincere support which will tend toward making for its continued success.

Article IX—To the prospective Senior A's we reluctantly hand over our "reserved seats" in the front of the auditorium. From here we have watched the morning speakers "shiver and shake" as they make their debuts as orators.

Article X—Again, to these lucky Senior B's, we bequeath the beautiful senior home rooms, 103 and 110, which have been the scenes of so many good times, and which will always bring back pleasant memories.

Article XI—To those who persist in rising several hours after Mother calls them, we bequeath the pleasure of spending an hour or so in that haven of horror, 217.

Article XII—To the home-rooms in the region of 208, especially 206, we do willingly bestow the horrible atmosphere which frequently pervades that region of the second floor.

Article XIII—To the 4 B's we leave the sixes we got, in order to save them the trouble of earning them, thereby giving these said seniors the opportunity to spend their spare time in striving to earn the nines we didn't get.

Article XIV—As we hear the wind rustle through the trees, we recall the many times we have sneezed, as we quickly descended the North Stairway, and we do solemnly bequeath to the entire school, this "privilege."

Article XV—To all Central, we bequeath with pleasure, that magic something, which men call School Spirit. It becomes better through hard usage, and increases in power.

Article XVI—To the future Senior A's, we do leave behind, a few senior flunkers, to help the new 4 A's fill their position with dignity, and to uphold the time-honored traditions of past graduates.

Article XVII—With proud hearts do we gaze upon our trophy case, and to our illustrious athletes, we do leave the privilege and honor of adding new cups to our already monstrous collection.

This terminates the bequests of the Class of January, 1920. We do hereby nominate and appoint as executor, Mr. William Wiener. In witness whereof, we do sign and seal, this, our will, on the thirteenth day of January, in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred Twenty.

(Signed) HILDA L. JAIXEN,

January, 1920. Attorney.

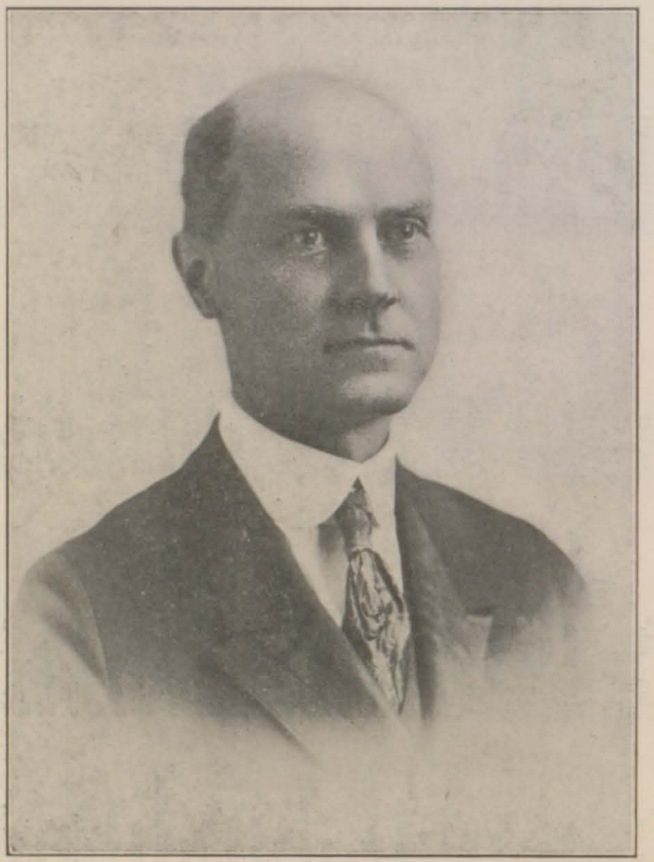
SLAMS ON SOME SEVENTY SENIORS

NAME	ALIAS	AILMENT	CURE	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC	DOOM	HOW THEY GOT THRU
Altuch, Laura	"Tuch"	Sponging	A few hard hearts	Pleasantness	Mr. Weiner's office	Looks
Amsterdam, Chas.	"Charlie"	Piano	Pianolas	Always blushing	An organ grinder	Luck
Arnold, Russell	"Russ"	Too shy	Some nerve	Busyness	Shop teacher	Hard work
Binder, Rose	"Roe"	Goodness	A trip to New York	Shortness	Opera singer	Worked hard
Bornstein, Morris	"Bornie"	Mandolin	No mandolin	Egotism	Letter carrier	Ask him
Brief, Otto	"Brevity"	Always alone	A mob	Lack of integrity	Butcher	Overlooked
Briedt, Murray	"K. O. Kid"	Voice	Grand opera	Shortness	Messenger	Concealed ignorance
Buck, Alice	"Al"	Poetry	Refusals	Preparedness	Matron	Patronized
Cohen, Yetta	"Cohn"	Studying	Recreation	Always prepared	Teacher of Economics	Studied
Debrecini, Anna	"An"	Musical talent	Mouth organ	Quietness	Artist's model	An accident
Dvorken, Hilda	"Dvorkie"	No pep	Rattle	Inactiveness	Nurse	Worked
Dwork, Harold	"Chubby"	Running for office	Make him president	His shoulders	Wrestler	Nobody knows
Dwork, Rose	"Roe"	Short dresses	Long skirts	Her complexion	Model wife	Philosophizing
Donnelly, Eugene	"Gene"	Too many blondes	Marriage	Athletics	Singer	No one missed him
Eisner, Laura	"Eyes"	Smiles	Grouch	Her tongue	Dish-washer	On her smile
Feinseth, Louis	"Lou"	Arguing	217	Dancing feet	Lawyer	Somehow
Freibott, Fred	"Fritz"	Alone in his auto	A crowded car	Chemistry	Chauffeur	Eights
Gabrowitz, Louis	"Gabby"	Girls	Marry an old maid	His haircomb	Frankfurter model	Time will tell
Goodman, Dorothy	"Dot"	Hee-Haw-Haw	Solemnity	Her petitness	Rural school marm	Usual way
Gubsch, Elsie	"Buttons"	Blushing	Nerve	Hair	Old Maid	Bluffed
Guritzky, Fannie	"Fan"	Too quiet	A horn	Soft voice	Saleslady	Hard work
Hahn, Ellis	"Kiddo"	Good nature	Detention	Height ?	Baby nurse	Slipped
Hailperin, Sam	"Halp"	Bookroom	No bookrooms	Always in the bookroom	Librarian	Booked way thru
Herman, Louis	"Hoiman"	Yelling for ads.	Loss of voice	Voluble chatter	An "ad getter"	By chance
Hoesly, Nettie	"Hoes"	Tardiness	Detention	Dimples	Hash slinger	A mistake
Isenberg, Sophie	"Soph"	Free speech	Isolation	Good nature	Typist?	Typed
Jaixen, Hilda	"Jakie"	Her musical laugh	A sour pickle	Posters	Stringbean model	On her posters
Jones, Gladys	"Jonesy"	Spaghetti dancing	Elbow macaroni	Goo-goo eyes	Wife of Dougie Fairbanks	On her humor
Kafka, Ruding	"Funny"	Nonsense	Sense	Wit ?	Court fool	Pested thru
Karalunsky, Rose	"Kary"	Personals	Graduation	Good nature	Joke writer	Worked
King, Florence	"Flo"	A. F.	February	Her snort	Toothpick model	We don't know
Kleiber, Carl	"Carlly"	Study	Recreation	By himself	College professor	Naturally
Kleinberg, Rae	"Rae"	Dresses	Shredded wheat	Haircomb	Chorus girl	It's a secret

Krauter, Ernest	"Ernie"	Fun	Solemnity	Personality	Conductor	Walked thru
Kulzer, Frieda	"Fritzie"	Noisiness	Convent	Her voice	Suffragette	We wonder
Lake, Lillian	"Lil"	Soft voice	Join a chorus	Hair	Pill-slinger	By being quiet
Lerbe, Ethel	"Et"	Dimples	Wrinkle	Walk	Cabaret singer	Guess?
Lyne, Israel	"Issy"	Curls	No curlers	Ain't got none	Phrenologist	Skidded
Macow, Estelle	"Babe"	Solemnity	A bomb	Goggles	School marm	Silence
Mader, Bertha	"Birdie"	Humor	Detention	Walk	Artiste	Bluffed
Martinka, George	"George"	Hiding	Get in the limelight	Self-satisfied	Pretzel designer	Natural
Martino, George	"Spaghetti"	Has none	So none is needed	Shyness	Garbage inspector	Legitimately
Mendel, Lenore	"Lee"	Sweetness	Friends	Continual chatter	Conductorette	Excused
Marx Milton	"Mrixie"	Haircomb	Barber	Cheerfulness	Office boy	Crammed
Minion, Irving	"Irvy"	Politics	Six months' solitude	His lies	Bootblack	He doesn't know
Morchower, Harry	"Morchie"	E. G. of 103	Wedding ring	Height	Model husband	Athletics
Morris, Elizabeth	"Lizzie"	Has none	Badness	Feet	Shoe fitter	Grinned
Moscowitz, Esther	"Esie"	Blushing	Boys	Haircomb	Cabaret dancer	Fooled 'em
Naiman, Isadore	"Izzy"	Mildred	Minister	Trick eye glasses	Auctioneer	Smiled
Kesselman, Esther	"Essie"	Sick slips	High life	Speeches	A second Venus	A puzzle
Nevius, Alberta	"Nevius"	Too shy	A Ford	Glasses	Cook	Slipped
Oaklander, Ethel	"Oakie"	Giggling	Muzzle	Bangs	Dishwasher	Favoritism
Oliner, Sadye	"Ollie"	Shortness	Rain	Silence	Lawyeress	Couldn't see her
Ostrowsky, Esther	"Freckles"	Silence	Victrola	Size	Waitress	It's a secret
Peltz, Benjamin	"Bennie"	Good nature	"Miners"	Suits	Farmer	Camouflage
Petoia, Lillian	"Lil"	Innocence	"Gayety"	Bashfulness	Lady's Maid	Unnoticed
Rand, Esther	"Esie"	Complexion	Whitewash	Teeth	Early marriage	On her looks
Rath, Frank	"Fwankie"	Quietness	Brass band	Gawdy ties	Arrow collar model	In 4½ years
Remington, Robert	"Bob"	Silence	Noise of the 4A's	Funny answers	Jail	Not his fault
Richman, Harry	"Heshel"	Calamity	Coming to life	Arguing	Soap-box orator	Like most of them
Rinsky, Rose	"Rinsky"	Height	Stretcher	Nerve	Lawyeress	Good riddance
Rudolf, Robert	"Midget"	Chubbiness	Exercise	Height	Second Paderewski	Played through
Statella, Rose	"Roe"	Quietness	Earthquake	Large Eyes	Suffraget	Watchful waiting
Schwartz, Albert	"Schwartzie"	Walking	A flivver	His laugh	Henpecked Hubby	Watchful waiting
Schmuckler, Jacob	"James"	Free speech	Desert Island	Good nature	An doctor	Grinding
Sherman, Harry	"Longee"	Length	Mallet	Walk	Hate to say	Had a long stride
Silber, Anna	"Ann"	Candy	Hooverize	Friendliness	Candy saleslady	Pleasant ways
Slatin, Esther	"Slatie"	Smile	A grouch	Laugh	Housemaid	In soft
Sosnow, Louis	"Luke"	Zoology	Drop it	Matching pennies	?	Brother's rep
Staehle, Catherine	"Katy"	Speed	Practice	Height	Four Corners	Bluffed
St. John, Gladys	"Jonnie"	Absent slips	217	Worried look	Janitress	On her nerve
Seidenberg, Kitty	"Kitty"	Abundance	Eat and grow thin	Hair	Model	Squeezed
Tischler, Saul	"Tisch"	Pivot copy	Ask her	Looking important	Horse doctor	Glad to get rid of him
Ungerleider, Bertha	"Bert"	Conceit	No mirrors	Eyes	Penitentiary	Pull
Verniero, Dominic	"Vomino"	Silence	Soup	Smile	Congressman	Walked thru
Wanderer, Herbert	"Herb"	Blondness	Sage tea	Length of legs	A & P	Crawled
Weinberg, Isadore	"Izzy"	Talking with her hands	Winter	Glasses	Model for funny papers	So so
Weiner, Lena	"Weinie"	Noise	No Man's Land	Lips	Champion stocking darner	Mystery
Weitzman, Sadie	"Syd"	Temper	She'll outgrow it	Her noise	Mr. L. Bamberger's secy.	Worked
Weltman, Monroe	"Onge"	Swelled head	Sloan's liniment	The ladies	Cheese salesman	Pushed
Weiss, Harry	"Harry"	Bashfulness	"The Follies"	Face	Tonsorial artist	Ask Dad, he knows
Weiss, Henry	"Henry"	Girls	The army	Babyishness	Soda dispenser	We'll never tell
Williams, Nellie	"Nellie"	Cuteness	Rattle	Curls	Mrs. Rockefeller, Jr.	Smiled
Wilson, Selma	"Sellie"	Stenotype	A job	Knowledge	Cash girl	Eventually
Zalkin, Rose	"Rosie"	Lack of height	Yeast	Diminutiveness	Chorus girl	Worried

"NE CEDE MALIS"

Faculty Adviser of the Class of January 1920



Mr. Walter W. Arnold

SCHMUKLER, JACOB — 172½ Belmont Avenue

College Prep. — Prospects: N. Y. U.

"Wise men are instructed by reason."

W. W. Debating Society (1, 2, 3, 4); Latin Club (6); Central Radio Club (6); Glee Club (1, 2); Journalist Club (2, 3, 4); Central Service Club (5, 6, 7, 8); Chairman G. O. Election (8); President of 4B Class (7); Vice-President of Central Service Club (8); PIVOT Board (7, 8); Senior PIVOT Board (8); English "C" (7, 8); Scholarship Award (7); President 4A Class (8).

Jack is our class president. He is a fellow who has spent his time to the best of his and the school's advantage. He has been a model student and true friend. Jack intends to be a doctor in the future. Here is luck to you.

JONES, GLADYS — 25 Coes Place

Prospects: Undecided

"As merry as the day is long."

Journalist Club (5, 8); President (8); G. S. C. (4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Secretary-Treasurer (8); Vice-President 4A Class (8); Barnstormers (5, 8); PIVOT Reporter (5); Personals Editor (6); Magazine Editor (8); Assistant Editor (7); Senior PIVOT (8); Senior Basketball Team (7); Girls' A. A. (5, 6, 7); Dancing Class (5); Tennis Club (7).

Here is the optimist, the gay spot of our class. Be it morn, noon or night, in school or outside, "Jonesy" is always there with a ready smile and something witty. Neither is she lacking in school spirit, as her long list of activities and fine work on THE PIVOT will show. Our best wishes for the future go out to you, Gladys, in unrestrained and boundless measure, and although when you go out into the world you will gain many new friends, you will never be forgotten by your classmates.

RUDOLFF, ROBERT — 330 So. Twelfth Street

Art Course — Prospects: Columbia

"Great trees from little acorns grow."

W. W. Debating (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (5, 6, 7, 8); Accompanist (7, 8); Chairman Ring and Pin Committee (7, 8); Secretary 4A Class (8); Winner Alliance Francaise (7); Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Accompanist (7, 8).

Robert is one of our smallest boys, but his good will towards others has won him many friends. With his pleasant disposition and his musical ability we are sure he will be a perfect success.

MORCHOWER, HARRY J. — 153 Fifth Street

Technical — Prospects: Cornell

"The right man in the right place."

Treasurer 4A Class (8); Varsity Football (6, 8); Varsity Baseball (3, 5, 7); Championship Interscholastic Basketball (6); Captain (6); Varsity Manager (6); Manager Emeritus Indoor Track (4, 6); Championship Class Soccer Team (2, 4); Varsity Soccer (4, 6); Captain (6); C. S. C. (5, 6, 7, 8); Orchestra (1, 2); Volunteer Industrial Agricultural Army (3, 5, 7); Boys' A. A. (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8).

"Morch" is an all-round athlete, and he has helped Central to "bring home the bacon" on many occasions. His winning personality has won many friends who will miss him when he leaves Central.

HAILPERIN, SAM — 140 Somerset Street

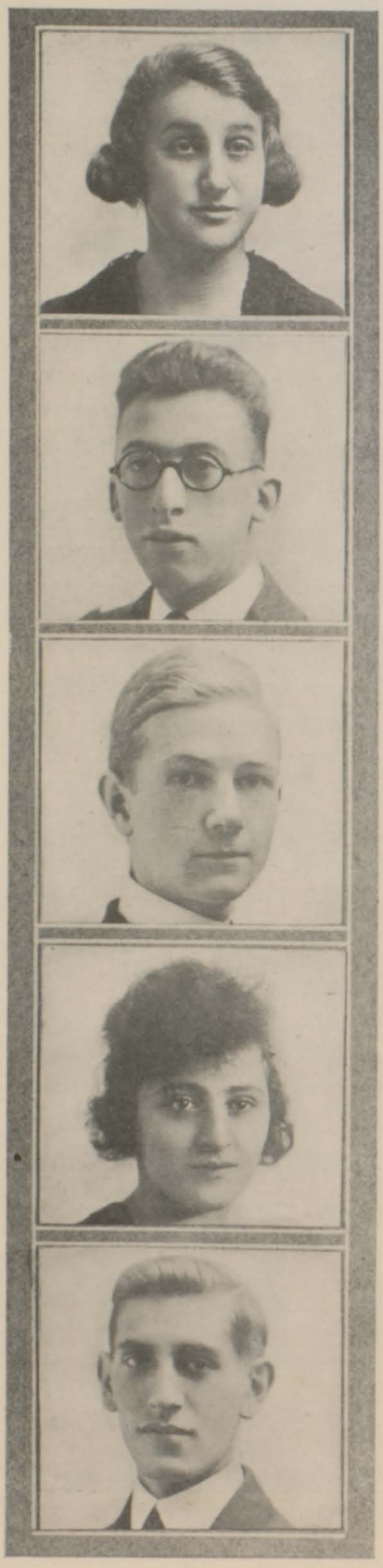
College Prep — Prospects: Harvard

"Work is life to me."

G. O. Executive Board (7); Central Service Club (7, 8); W. W. (1, 2); Journalist Club (3, 4); Alphas (5, 6); Omega (5, 6); Secretary (5); Vice-President (6); Latin Club (5); Camera Club (1, 2); Book Room (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Manager (8); Office Assistant (5, 6, 7, 8); Barnstormers (7, 8); Soccer (2, 4); Glee Club (6, 7); G. O. Delegate Senior Class (8).

Sam has been a very active fellow, as his activities show. We hope some day Sam will be a successful lawyer.





ALTUCH, LAURA — 248 Bloomfield Avenue

Commercial — Prospects: Business

"Maiden fair of face."

Science Club (1, 2); W. H. Debating Society (6, 7); Journalist Club (8); Alpha (6):

Laura is not to be judged by her few activities. Her willingness to help others has won many friends for her, and we all wish her success in business.

AMSTERDAM, CHARLES — 403 Fairmount Avenue

General — Prospects: N. Y. U.

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

W. H. Debating Society (6, 7); Cycle Club (7).

Charlie is another one of those fellows who could not show the best that is in him because he is only in Central a short while. Charlie is *some* jazz player, and has furnished many of Central's dances with music.

ARNOLD, RUSSELL — 381 Washington Street

Technical — Prospects: Rutgers

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

Technical Club (4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Electrical Club (5); Central Battalion (3); Checker Club (5); Ring Committee (7, 8); Relay Team (7).

Arnold has been one of Central's quiet students but still he has managed to be active and is well liked by all who know him.

BINDER, ROSE — 9 Rankin Street

Commercial — Prospects: Music

"To those that know thee no words can paint,
And those that know thee all words are faint."

W. W. (5, 6, 7); W. H. Debating Society (3, 4, 5).

Who knows Rose without liking her? With her quiet, sunny, modest disposition she has unconsciously made herself beloved by all who really know her, both faculty and students. We are sure that her hard work both for herself and others will bring good results in the future.

BERNSTEIN, MORRIS — 81 Somerset Street

College Prep. — Prospects: U. of Pennsylvania

"Knowledge itself is power."

Central First Aid Club (3); Wireless Club (3); Glee Club (7, 8).

Bernstein has been a quiet and studious fellow. He has always attended to his own business and, therefore, found little time for other work.



BRANT, ARTHUR — 150 North Sixth Street

Technical — Prospects: Mechanical Drawing

"His very looks draws crowds of women."

Technical Club (5, 6, 7, 8); Interclass Soccer (6); Interclass Relay (5, 7); Exhibition Team (8).

Brant has put his mind entirely on his work. Athletics have appealed to him more than any other school activities.

BREIDT, MURRAY — 230 West Kinney Street

General German — Prospects: U. of Pa.

3½-Year Student

"Good things come in small packages."

Central Service Club (4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); W. W. Debating Society (3, 4, 5).

Although two and one-half years' illness kept him out of school, Murray managed to accomplish much, as his list of activities shows. Needless to remark that he is a good student.

BRIEF, OTTO — 153 Barclay Street

College Prep. — Prospects: Undecided

"The right fellow in the right place."

Wireless (2,3); First Aid (6); Soccer (2).

Otto is a hard worker and we have little chance to become acquainted with him.

BUCK, ALICE M. — 344 High Street

Commercial — Prospects: Business

"Still waters run deep."

PIVOT Reporter (1); Vice-President 4B Class (7); Journalist Club (8); Exchange Editor of PIVOT (8); Senior PIVOT Board (8).

Alice is one of the brightest girls of our class. Although we hear very little of her she has concealed within her several excellent qualities. Poetry is her specialty. Keep it up, Alice, and who knows but you may be one of our famous poets of the future?

COHEN, YETTA — 349 South Sixth Street

Commercial — Prospects: Business

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

W. H. Debating Society (6).

To the majority of her classmates Yetta is a quiet reserved girl, but to those who really know her she is a pleasant and willing helpmate.



DEBRECENI, ANNA L. 560 South Thirteenth Street
Arts Prospects: Undecided

"Air and manners are more expressive than words."

Anna has not let herself be heard of much, but all who know her like her for her gentle manner and ready smile.

DONNELLY, EUGENE F. 205 Fourth Street
Commercial Spanish Prospects: Wharton School, U. of P.

"Strong in will to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Baseball (3, 5, 7); Captain (7); Football (6, 8); Soccer (2, 4); Track (6, 7); Track Manager (4); 4B Relay (6); Central Service Club (5, 6, 7, 8); Circulation Manager Pivot (5, 6); Sports Editor Pivot (7); Sports Editor Senior Pivot (8); Spanish Club (1, 2, 3, 4); G. O. Delegate (2); Secretary (4); President (4); G. O. Executive Board (6); Boys A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Journalist Club (6); 3A Class Basketball Team (6); Barnstormers (4); Commercial Club (4).

"Gene" is one of our finest fellow-students. During his career at Central he has distinguished himself in everything he has undertaken, whether at athletics, editorial work or studies. May success be yours in the outside world as it has been in Central.

DWORKEN, HILDA 163 Jefferson Street
General Prospects: College

"As quiet as an owl by day."

Girls' Service Club (4, 5, 6, 7, 8).

All those who know Hilda like her. She is a conscientious worker, a fine companion and a clever talker.

DWORK, HAROLD 217 West Kinney Street
3½ Year Student
College Prep. Prospects: U. of Michigan

"Judge a man by his deeds, not by his words."

Journalist Club (7); Senior Pivot Board (8); Central Track Team (5); Orchestra (3, 4, 5, 6, 7); Science Club (1, 2); W. W. (5, 6); Tennis Club (6); Wireless Club (1, 2); Central Battalion (4); Camera Club (2, 3); Pivot Reporter (5, 7); G. O. Executive (5, 6, 7).

Harold is a man of few words but has done a lot for Central, as his activities show. He has been a good student in the past, and we are sure he will succeed in the future.

DWORK, ROSE 217 West Kinney Street
4 Year Commercial Prospects: Columbia

"She is pretty to walk with and witty to talk with."

W. W. Debating Society (2, 3, 5); Journalist Club (2, 3, 8); Pivot Board (8); G. O. Executive (7, 8); Science Club (1, 2); Tennis Club (7).

Rose is one of our best liked girls. She is a pianist of no mean ability, and has won considerable praise as a writer. She has always been a bright student and a friend to all.



EISNER, LAURA — 409 Halsey Street

Commercial Spanish — Prospects: Business

"She comes up smiling."

Girls' Service Club (4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Journalist Club (8); Senior Pivot Board (8); Senior Dance Committee (8).

Laura has made herself popular among her classmates by her everlasting smile. She has contributed much of her time to the clubs of the school, and is well liked for her work and her sociability.

FEINSETH, LOUIS — 107 Somerset Street

General Course — Prospects: U. of Michigan

"Splitting the air with noise."

G. O. Executive Committee (7); Cheer Leader (6, 7, 8); Senior Pivot (8); Service Club (8); Omega (4, 5); Alphas (4, 5); Vice-President (5); Glee Club (6, 7, 8); W. W. (2, 3, 4); 4B Prom Committee (7); Captain Class Soccer Team (3); Class Relay Team (1, 3, 5, 7); Championship Class Basketball (6); Captain (6); Member Exhibition Team (4); Barnstormers (7, 8).

Louis has shown his worth as an orator and worker. We know by his work at Central that he will succeed in his chosen profession, law.

FELD, JOSEPH — 146 Bergen Street

General Course — Prospects: Business

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

We are at sea when we think of what Joseph has done in school. But we are, nevertheless, sure that he will be successful at his chosen vocation.

GABROWITZ, LOUIS — 152 Spruce Street

Commercial Course — Prospects: U. of P.

"Business through and through."

Varsity Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Captain 3A Class Team Championship (6); Service Club (4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Pivot Board (5); Senior Pivot Board (8); Barnstormers (1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8); Stage Manager (4); Business Manager (8); Tennis Club (7); G. O. Delegate (7); Chairman 4B Prom Committee (7); Chairman Senior Dance Committee (8); Chairman of Friday Afternoon Dances (8); Student Manager Lunch Room (8).

A glance at "Gabby's" activities will show one that he has worked for Central's welfare at all times. We all wish him success.

GOODMAN, DOROTHY — 44 Hillside Place

3½ Year Student

General German — Prospects: Normal School

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

Barnstormers (6, 7); W. W. Debating Club (2, 3, 4, 5, 6); Patriotic Knitting Society (5, 6); Glee Club (6, 7); Alpha Club (5, 6); Journalist Club (7).

"Dottie" is a true optimist. Her ever-smiling face has lifted the cares off many shoulders. We are sure that you will succeed as a teacher and hope that you always retain that smile.



GRUNT, MORRIS — 299 Fifteenth Avenue

Commercial German — Prospects: N. Y. U.

"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much, talks in vain."

Wireless Club (2); Commercial Club (3); Science Club (3).

Morris is not to be judged by his few activities. He has been working so hard in making a good record for himself that he had not much time for other things. But he had been a loyal classmate and we prophesy a bright future for him.

GUBSCH, ELSIE — 139 Court Street

4 Year Commercial — Prospects: Undecided

"For the one with the smile is the one worth while."

G. S. C. (6, 7, 8); G. O. Del. of G. S. C. (7); W. W. Debating Society (7); 4B Prom Committee (7); G. O. Executive Board (8); Barnstormers (7, 8).

Because of her pleasing disposition, Elsie is a welcome addition to our class. She is popular and liked by everybody, as can be seen by her hosts of friends. Good luck go with you, Elsie!

GURITZKY, FANNIE — 300 Seymour Avenue

General Latin — Prospects: Normal School

"A sweet attractive kind of grace."

Fannie, though an earnest worker, is one of the most friendly, sociable and good-natured girls of our class. She is well liked for her helping hand and pleasing manner.

HAHN, ELLIS — 63 Avon Place

Commercial German — Prospects: Law

"To be short is no disgrace, only inconvenient."

Cartoonist Club (1, 2, 3, 4); President (4); Central Service (5, 6, 7, 8); Secretary (8); Soccer Team (4); Commercial Club (3); G. O. Executive Board (8); Assistant Basketball Manager (8); Senior Pivot Board (8).

Ellis is one of our smallest fellows, but he always has a big smile and ever-ready helping hand for all. He has done good work in school and we are confident that he will make good in his chosen profession.

HAUSER, NAOMI — 151 Boyd Street

General — Prospects: Normal School

"A true friend is forever a friend."

Naomi is a quiet and conscientious girl and although we see little of her she is well liked by all who know her.

HERMAN, LOUIS F. 133 Hillside Avenue
General Latin Course Prospects: U. of P.
"Conscientious industry is bound to produce fruit."

Soccer (1, 3); Captain (3); Class Basketball (2, 4); Central Battalion (2); W. W. Debating Society (3, 4, 5); Class Relay Team (3); Latin Club (5); Pivot Board (5, 6, 7, 8); Mandolin Club (7); Glee Club (7, 8); Advertising Manager of Pivot (7); Business Manager of Pivot (7, 8); Central Service Club (7, 8); Chairman Senior Ad Committee (8); Senior Pivot Board (8); English "C" (8); Journalist Club (8).

Louis' activities speak for themselves. Work has been one of his hobbies. Besides being so active, Louis is a fine student.

HOESLY, NETTIE 27 Glenwood Place
Commercial Course Prospects: Business
"Nothing is more useful than silence."

Pivot Reporter (1); Staff Typist (8); Journalist Club (8).

Nettie is one of our quiet girls. As a result of this she has always done good work. Good luck to you, Nettie.

ISENBERG, SOPHIE 15 Hillside Place
Commercial German Prospects: Business
"As merry as a cricket."

Although Sophie has not partaken in any school activities, she is well known and well liked by all who know her.

JAIXEN, HILDA L. 295 Jelliff Avenue
Commercial Spanish Prospects: Business
"Patience and gentleness is power."

Girls' Service Club (2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Centro Castellano (1, 2, 3, 4); G. O. Delegate (4); Cartoonist Club (2, 3, 4); Secretary Cartoonist Club (4); First Aid Corps (3); PIVOT Board (6, 7, 8); Assistant Editorial Critic (6); Editorial Critic (7, 8); Senior PIVOT Board (8); Chairman Literature Department (8); G. O. Vice-President (8); G. O. Executive Committee (7); Journalist Club (8); Manuscript Librarian (8).

And here is Jakie! Her conscientious and zealous work for the good of her Alma Mater characterizes Hilda's career and marks her as a shining light in Central. May she continue to shine in the world as she has been doing here.

KAFKA, RUDING 98 So. Eighth Street
Commercial Prospects: Business
"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool."

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Glee Club (7, 8); W. W. Debating Society (5); Omega Club (6); Penmanship Club (4); First Aid Corps (3, 4); Cartoonists' Club (5); Manager Basketball (8); Assistant Manager Football (8); Second Team Basketball (6); Utility Baseball Man (7); 4B Class Relay Team (6); Class Basketball Team (6); Senior PIVOT Board (8).

Ruding is one of our best entertainers. He is popular with both fellows and girls. He has always been a good student and has found time to engage in all activities besides.





KARALUNSKY, ROSE — 47 Lincoln Street

Commercial — Prospects: Advertising

"To know her is to love her."

Spanish Club (3); W. W. Debating Society (4); Webster Hayne (5); PIVOT (5, 6, 7); G. O. Delegate (7); Senior PIVOT Board (8).

Rose makes people love her at first sight. She is a bright student and yet for all that she is ever ready to join in the fun that goes on. She has a kind heart as well as a sweet disposition, and it has been a pleasure to have her in our class. Success to you, Rose.

KEATING, CLIFTON J. — 879 Clifton Avenue

Technical — Prospects: Stevens

"Happy am I, from care I am free."

Football (8).

Clifton is one of those quiet fellows who is always there with a smile for everyone.

KESSELMAN, ESTHER — 269½ So. Eighteenth Street

Commercial — Prospects: Business

"A countenance in which did meet,
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

Girls' Service Club (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); W. W. Debating Society (5, 6); Gentle Jury; Journalist Club (8); PIVOT (8); Senior PIVOT Board (8).

Esther is one of the bright lights of our class. She has always been a good student, but nevertheless she was ever ready to lend a helping hand to the other fellow. We will certainly miss Esther.

KING, FLORENCE — 185 Second Street

General French — Prospects: Sec. Course

"A pleasant girl with a pleasant smile."

Orchestra (3); Girls' Athletic Association (5); Secretary (6); Vice-President (7); Glee Club (7); Girls' Service Club (7, 8); Senior Basketball Team Captain (7); Barnstormers (7); President Girls' Athletic Association (8).

Florence is one of our popular girls in the class. She is always willing to do someone a good turn, and her pleasant ways and sweet smiles have made her a host of friends at Central.

KLIEBER, CARL E. — 349 Hunterdon Street

Technical — Prospects: Mechanical Engineer

"Full of courtesy and full of craft."

Technical Club (7, 8); 4B Relay (7); 3B Relay (5); Checker Club (5).

Carl, like a few others, has not been very active in Central. We know Carl has the ability to make good in his future undertaking.

KLEINBERG, RAE — 22 Farley Avenue

General — Prospects: Undecided

"Life was only made for laughter."

Orchestra (2, 3, 4, 5); Glee Club (2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7); Alpha (3); Science Club (3).

When Rae laughs we all have to laugh with her. She has not been active in many clubs, but is well known by all in Central.

KRAUTER, EARNEST — 160 So. Ninth Street

Technical Course — Prospects: Business

"Always ready to have a word."

Football (8).

Ernie, although small in stature, has shown lots of pep on the gridiron. He has been a steady worker and surprised all by his earnest efforts in playing the pigskin.

KULZER, FRIEDA G. — 293 Waverly Avenue

Commercial German — Prospects: Business

"There is mischief in her eyes."

Central Girl Scouts (3); Tennis Club (7); G. A. A. (7, 8); Class Basketball (7, 8); Journalist Club (8); Barnstormers (8); PIVOT "Staff Typist" (8).

"Fritzie," as we all know her, is one of our happy-go-lucky girls. She has won fame among her teachers and classmates as a cracker-jack stenographer. She is fond of laughter, and makes others laugh with her.

LAKE, LILLIAN E. — 183 So. Tenth Street

Arts Course — Prospects: Undecided

"Character and intelligence go hand in hand."

Lillian is one of our quiet and reserved girls. She is an exceptionally good student and is a friend to all.

LEIBE, ETHEL — 58 Lincoln Avenue

General German — Prospects: Undecided

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Girls' A. A.; Journalist Club (8).

Ethel hails from Barringer and has been with us but one term. Nevertheless we have found her to be friendly, companionable and a good "sport."





LOHSE, FRED E. 392 Badger Avenue

Technical Prospects: Undecided

"Quick in action and thought."

Soccer (3, 5); Wireless Club (5, 6); Technical Club (7); Electrical Club (7).

Here's another one of our technical students who has the makings of a good engineer. We wish you success, Fred.

LYNE, ISRAEL H. 72 Barclay Street

General Latin Prospects: Cornell Law School

"Then he will talk, ye gods how he will talk."

Clionia Literary Society (1); Science Club (2, 3); English "C" (7); W. W. Debating Society (3, 4, 5); Journalist Club (4, 8); Interscholastic Debating Team (7).

Israel is one of our orators who always had to have his own way. As a lawyer we are sure he will succeed in persuading many a jury.

MACOW, ESTELLE 143 Seventeenth Avenue

Arts Course Prospects: Undecided

"Her voice is ever soft."

Glee Club (7, 8); Knitting Club (4, 5); Barnstormers (7); Alpha (7); Science Club (2).

Estelle is popular with her classmates and with all those who know her. We are sorry you didn't let us hear more about you, Estelle.

MARTINO, GEORGE 39 Cutler Street

General Latin Prospects: U. of Missouri

"Nothing is impossible to industry."

Dante Literary Society (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); G. O. Delegate (8); Centro Castellano (3, 4); Central Battalion (2).

George has been a very studious and quiet fellow, but still he has managed to be quite active in Central. Here's hoping you success in your profession, George.

MENDEL, LENORA 761 High Street

Commercial Spanish Prospects: Undecided

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Barnstormers (6, 7); Girls' Service Club (7, 8); Patriotic Knitting Club (5, 6); Omega (6); Spanish Club (4, 5); Journalist Club (8); Senior PIVOT Board.



MINION, IRVING — 645 So. Eleventh Street

College Prep. — Prospects: Univ. of Mich.

3½-Year Student

"Nothing great is ever achieved without toil."

W. W. Debating Society (1, 2, 3, 4, 5); G. O. Delegate (7); W. H. Debating Society (6); Cycle Club (2, 3, 4, 5); Glee Club (6, 7); Journalist Club (7); Central Service Club (6, 7); Senior PIVOT Board (7); Alpha (5, 6); Omega (5, 6); Tennis Club (6).

Irving has shown that he is made of something worth while by completing his course in 3½ years. In spite of this he has a list of activities worth being proud of.

MORRIS, ELIZABETH — 32 Longworth Street

General German — Prospects: Normal School

"Nothing is more useful than silence."

Elizabeth is another of our quiet and reserved girls. She intends to become a teacher. Here's good luck to you, Elizabeth.

MOSCOWITZ, ESTHER — 65 Bloomfield Avenue

4-year Commercial — Prospects: Junior College

"A true friend is ever a friend."

Esther has never participated in any school activities, but she has won many friends by her willingness to help those in need. She is especially known for her sociability.

NAIMAN, N. ISADORE — 52 Avon Place

College Prep. — Prospects: Cornell

"Men of few words are the best men."

W. W. Debating Club (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6); G. O. Delegate (2); Central Radio Club (1, 2, 3); Journalist Club (3, 4); Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 5); Glee Club (2, 7, 8); Barnstormers (7, 8); Central Service Club (8); Latin Club (6).

Despite his good work Isadore has found time to engage in the various activities of the school. He is a fellow among fellows and popular with the girls as well.

NEVIUS, E. ALBERTA — 20 John Street

Art Course — Prospects: Undecided

"A wise head has a closed mouth."

Alberta is one of our girls that we hear very little of. She is very clever and ranks high in her studies. Unfortunately, she has not made herself known in the clubs of the School, but is well liked in her own circle.



OAKLANDER, D. ETHEL — 478 Avon Avenue

Commercial — Prospects: Stenotypist

"Health and cheerfulness beget each other."

G. O. Executive (7); Omega Club (6); Alpha Club (6); Secretary of Central Girl Scouts (3, 4, 5, 6); Journalist Club (8); Senior PIVOT Board (8).

Ethel is one of the most frolicsome girls we have. She is what we may call a merrymaker. When in the midst of all our troubles, Ethel is the one to get us out of it. Also, she is one of our leading stenotypists.

OLINER, SADYE — 520 So. Seventeenth Street

Arts Course — Prospects: Newark Normal

"A small spark makes a great fire."

Science Club (1, 2, 3); Patriotic Knitting Club (3, 4); W. W. Debating Society (3, 4, 5); W. H. Debating Society (6); Glee Club (3, 4, 5, 6, 7).

Sadye is one of our little obliging girls. She is reserved and quiet, but has made herself known by her friendly smile and jolly manner.

OSTROWSKY, ESTHER — 24 Fairview Avenue

Commercial — Prospects: Business

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun."

G. O. Bookkeeper.

Esther is of a quiet nature and has been very studious. On account of this we have little to say about her. We are sure she will be successful.

PELTZ, BENJAMIN — 66 Stratford Place

Commercial — Prospects: Accounting

"Silence is more eloquent than words."

Benjamin is a quiet, industrious worker. He has chosen to enter business and we are confident he will make a successful business man.

PETOIA, LILLIAN — 67 Cutler Street

General — Prospects: Normal School

"To be content with little is true happiness."

Dante Literary Society (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Secretary (8).

Lillian is one of the members of our "Silence Club." She is, however, an earnest worker, and we are sure she will succeed in whatever she undertakes. She has worked earnestly for the succsss of the Dante Literary Society.



POLES, SIMON — 68 Somerset Street

General — Prospects: Business

"Amiability shines by its own light."

Varsity Basketball (5); Captain (7); Glee Club (5, 6, 7).

Poles has not been at Central very long, but during his stay he has accomplished much in athletics.

RAND, ESTHER — 27 West Street

Commercial — Prospects: Business

"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

Her pleasant ways and charming personality have made her popular among both students and faculty. She has proved a loyal classmate and will be missed by all.

REMINGTON, ROBERT — 67½ Kearny Street

Technical Course — Prospects: Stevens

"He dreams of angles, lines and all the rest."

Wireless Club (2, 3); Central Battalion (2, 3); Corporal (2, 3); Class Relay (5, 6, 7); Checker Club (5); Electrical Club (4).

Remington is another of our "Silence Club" members; but as his activities show he is ever up and doing.

RICHMAN, HARRY — 552 So. Park Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

General — Prospects: Rutgers

"His knowledge is great."

Science Club (2, 3); Soccer (2); Baseball (7); Football (8); Glee Club (7, 8).

Harry is one of our bright boys. Although usually quiet, he is well known throughout the school for his good work.

RINSKY, ROSE — 656 So. Nineteenth Street

Commercial — Prospects: Business

"Short but sweet."

Rose is the girl with the charming disposition. We shall miss her because we have found her to be a pleasant companion.



SCHWARTZ, ALBERT M. — 521 Springfield Avenue
College Prep. — Prospects: Stevens

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

W. W. Debating Society (2, 3, 4, 5); Secretary (4); Vice-President (5); W. H. Debating Society (6); Central Cycle Club (2, 3, 4); Secretary (3); Vice-President (4); Radio Club (2, 3); Journalist (3, 4); Class Basketball Team (4, 6); Championship Team (6); Tennis Club (7); Central Service Club (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Prom. Committee (7); PIVOT Reporter (6); Senior PIVOT Board (8).

Now, we come to "Al." Who doesn't know him? He will leave a good record behind him. Although quiet he has done much for the school, as a glimpse at his activities will show, and has also made a "rep" for himself by his friendliness.

SHERMAN, HARRY — 432 Springfield Avenue
General German — Prospects: Columbia

"No threats of tyrants or the grim
Visage of them can alter him;
But what at first he doth intend
That he holds firmly to the end."

Secretary 4B Class (7); Tennis Club (4, 6, 8); Barnstormers (8); W. W. Debating (2); Glee Club (6); Journalist Club (8); Class Basketball (1, 3, 5, 7); PIVOT Reporter (4, 6); Senior PIVOT Board (8); Science Club (1, 2, 3); Secretary-Treasurer (8); G. O. Delegate (8).

Sherman is one of the few 3-year students. Sherman's handshake, good fellowship and pleasing personality have made him a favorite with all. We can see by Harry's activities that he is a live wire and we are sure that he will succeed in anything he undertakes.

SILBER, ANNA — 784 So. Sixteenth Street
Commercial Spanish — Prospects: Business

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Girls' Service Club (5, 6, 7, 8); W. H. Debating Society (5, 6); Journalist (8); Staff Typist (8); PIVOT Reporter (6); Spanish Club (5).

Anna is popular with her classmates and all who know her. She is known for her sociability and has made many friends. She's quite a cracker-jack in typewriting and will surely succeed in business.

SOSNOW, LOUIS — 47 Winans Avenue
College Prep. — Prospects: Johns Hopkins

"No good work is ever lost."

Central Service Club (8); W. W. Debating Society (2, 5); Soccer (2, 4); Wireless Club (2, 3); Alphas (5, 6); Latin Club (5); Orchestra (4, 5, 6); Barnstormers (7, 8).

Louis has been one of our bright students. Although small in stature he has been quite active.

STAEHLE, *Catherine* — 376 Avon Avenue
Commercial — Prospects: Business

"What I do let me do well."

Journalist Club (8); Senior PIVOT Board (8).

Although Catherine has not participated in many school activities she is popular among her classmates and teachers as a clever and shrewd young lady. She has a pleasant word for everybody. Story writing is Catherine's hobby.

STATELLA, ROSE — 403 So. Eleventh Street
Art Course — Prospects: Fashion Illustrator
"Speech is silver, silence golden."

Cartoonist Club (5, 6); Dante Literary Society Secretary (4); Vice-President (5); Secretary (6); Vice-President (8).

Although quiet and reserved, Rose has taken part in quite a few activities in Central. The rest of the time she used on her studies. We wish you success in your vocation, Rose.

ST. JOHN, GLADYS — 96 Wickliffe Street
General German — Prospects: Normal
"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

Gladys has been a very quiet, reserved girl during her stay in school. Although she has not joined any of the clubs in school, she is well liked by her classmates.

TISCHLER, SAUL — 15 Somerset Street
College Prep. — Prospects: N. J. Law School
"A tree is known by its fruit,
so man by his works."

Central Service Club (6, 7, 8); Central Wireless (1, 2, 3); W. W. Debating Society (1, 2, 4, 5); Cartoonist Club (2); Central Battalion (2); First Aid Corps (2, 3); Soccer (2, 4); Interclass Basketball (6); Journalist Club (3, 4, 8); Alphas (5, 6, 7); President (5, 6, 7); Omegas (5, 6); Latin Club (5); Glee Club (6, 7); Orchestra (5); Book Room Assistant (5, 6, 7, 8); Office Assistant (6, 7, 8); PIVOT Reporter (1, 6); PIVOT Board (7, 8); City Editor (8); Senior PIVOT (8); Football (8); G. O. Executive (8); Old English "C" (6, 7, 8).

Saul has made himself quite popular in Central, as may be seen by his long list of activities. One fault we find with Saul, and that is egotism. His opinions are positively positive and expressed loudly, so that everyone may hear them. This, however, does not interfere with his splendid record gained among his friends and teachers. Here's luck, Saul.

UNGERLEIDER, BERTHA — 52 North Fifth Street
Commercial Spanish — Prospects: Undecided
"Her smile lingers with us."

Girls' Service Club (5, 6, 7, 8); Spanish Club (2, 3, 4); Barnstormers (7, 8); Journalist Club (8); PIVOT Reporter (6); Senior Pivot Board (8); Pivot Typist (8); Tennis Club (7); W. H. Debating Society (5, 6); Secretary (6); Scholarship Pin (6).

Bertha throws all care to the winds. We defy anyone to catch her with a frown. She is a jovial and fun-loving girl and has established herself as a favorite with all by her merry, winsome ways. If she continues with this kind of disposition in business she will be prosperous.

VAIL, CRAIG, A. — 19 Marion Avenue
Commercial — Prospects: Undecided
"I dare do all that becomes a man"

Craig divides his time between school and business and hence we have seen little of him. However, among his own friends he is very well liked.





WEISS, HARRY — 79 Thirteenth Avenue

Commercial — Prospects: Business

"And certainly he was a good fellow."

Soccer Team (4); G. O. Executive (8); Central Service Club (8).

Harry is one of the most friendly and good natured chaps of our class. He is liked by all, especially by the weaker sex and admired for his natural complexion.

WEISS, HENRY — 376 Bank Street

General German — Prospects: Stevens Tech.

"An honest man close bottom to the chin."

Glee Club (7, 8); Class Relay Team (7); Interclass Relay Team (7).

Although a quiet fellow Henry has made many friends through his willingness to help others, and has proved a good student besides.

WEITZMAN, SADIE — 504 So. Eleventh Street

Commercial German — Prospects: Business

"Come and trip as you go,
On thy light fantastic toe."

Girls' Athletic Association (4).

Sadie found little time to engage in school activities, but nevertheless she is liked wherever she goes for her ready wit and friendly smile. By the way, Sadie is one of our bright students.

WELTMAN, MONROE — 201 Charlton Street

Arts German — Prospects: Cornell

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

W. W. Debating Club (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7); G. O. Delegate (3); Captain W. W. Champion Debating Team (4); Vice-President W. W. Debating Club (5); President W. W. Debating Club (6, 7); Chairman G. O. Executive Board (4, 5); Editor-in-Chief Handbook (5); Omega (6, 7, 8); President (6, 7); Gentle Jury (6); Barnstormers (5, 7, 8); President (7, 8); Captain Varsity Debating Team (7); Central Service Club (4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Chairman; Sporting Editor of PIVOT (6); Morning Forum Critic (8); Magazine Editor (7); Old English "C" (7, 8); Senior Pivot Board (8); President of G. O. (6).

Monroe is a born leader, as can be seen by his numerous activities. In fact, he has been President of everything in Central that's worth being President of. "Dinge" may attribute much of his success to his pleasing manner and charming personality, which is bound to make him successful in the future.

WIENER, LENA — 359 Madison Avenue

Commercial Spanish — Prospects: Business

"On with the dance."

Orchestra (2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7); Girls' Athletic Association (8).

To Lena must go the credit of keeping all lively and herself busy with her incessant chatter and laughter. Nevertheless she has always been a good student and given much of her time to music.



WILLIAMS, NELLY — 177 Warren Street

College Prep. — Prospects: Undecided

"Great oaks from little acorns grow"

Nelly is a small, quiet, little creature and has not allowed us all to become acquainted with her as much as we would have liked to. Here's wishing you success.

WILSON, SELMA — 69 Monmouth Street

Commercial German

Prospects: Stenotype Reporter

"Industry is the parent of prospects."

Girls' A. A. (3, 4); W. W. Debating Society (5, 6).

Selma is one of our quiet girls. Little can be said of her socially, but she is well liked among her classmates. Here's success to you as a reporter, Selma.

ZALKIN, ROSE — 235 Bruce Street

General — Prospects: Normal School

"Her smile lingers with us."

Although Rose has taken no part in school activities, she is a conscientious worker for the school. She is a bright student also.

CAPIELO, DANIEL — 63 Nassau Street

Commercial — Prospects: N. Y. U.

"As he thinketh in his heart so he is."

Centro Castellano (1, 2, 3); Dante Literary Society (1, 2, 3); Central Battalion (2); Soccer (3, 5); Assistant Manager of Pivot (5); Manager Baseball Team (6).

Dan is a fine fellow with a ready smile and a glad hand. He has been active in athletics besides being a good student.

DERRICK, ELWOOD — 34 Crittendon St.

Technical — Prospects: Business

"He doesn't kill himself with work."

Although Derrick has not participated in any school activities, he has made numerous friends among those with whom he came in contact.

FREIBOTT, FRED

Technical Course — Prospects: Business

"Some are wise, some otherwise."

Baseball (3, 5); Basketball (6, 7); Soccer (3, 4, 5); Class Relay Captain (5, 6, 7); Athletic Exhibition (8); Cross-Country (4, 6); Technical Club (6, 7, 8); Checker Club (5); Electrical Club (4).

Fred is one of our athletes. He has partaken earnestly in athletics. We wish him success in business.

PENNELL, VESPASIAN — 116 Hunterdon Street

Technical — Prospects: Undecided

"Fleet of foot."

Dante (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); President (5, 6, 8); Centro Castellano (3, 4, 5); Technical Club (4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Vice-President (6); President (7); Vice-President (8); C. S. C. (6, 7, 8); Soccer Interclass (5, 7); City, State, National Cross-Country Championship Teams (6, 8); Varsity Soccer (7); Track (2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Interclass Relay (2, 8); Journalist Club (4, 6).

We have little to say about Pennell, for his activities speak for themselves.

MARX, MILTON — 49 Avon Place

Commercial German — Prospects: Business

"Well done is twice done."

Commercial Club (4, 5); Webster Hayne (7); Soccer (4).

Milton is of a quiet nature, but he has made himself liked by all his classmates.

VERNIERO, DOMENIC E. — 13 Sheffield Street

Technical Course — Prospects: Mech. Eng.

"Big results come from small people."

Technical Club (7, 8); Wireless Club (2, 3); Dante Literary Society (7, 8); 4B Relay Team (7).

Domenic is one of the members of our "Silence Club." Despite this fact he is especially popular with those who know him more intimately.

WANDERER, HERBERT B. — 305 Waverly Avenue

Technical Course — Prospects: Stevens

"Swift as an arrow."

Cross-country (7); Class Relay (6, 8); First Aid Club (4); Technical Club (8).

"Herb" has scored in track honors as did the preceding cohorts of Coach Anderson. His helping hand and ready smile are offered to all.

LIMERICKS

Morchower

A dashing young fellow was Morch,
In athletics he shone out like a torch,
He could play brilliant ball,
With no effort at all—
While the ground, in his speed he would scorch.

Donnelly

There was a young fellow named Gene,
Who was clever, remarkably keen.
He would fling that big shot
To a far distant spot,
While the girls all thought him a dream.

Krauter

An ambitious young fellow was Krauter;
Play football—he thought he knew "how to."
He went out to play,
But was struck with dismay,
When he was told that he'd have to get stouter.

Sherman

There is a young fellow named Sherman,
Who is very excellent in German.
He sleeps all the time—
Still he always gets nine.
Please tell us how you do it, Sherman.

SCHOOL NEWS



TECHNICAL CLUB TO GIVE MINSTREL

The Technical Club has plans under way to carry out a minstrel and thus the Club will not only be serving to increase the technical knowledge of its members, but also to bring out and develop whatever musical and dramatical abilities its various members possess. This is the first time in the existence of the school that any club has undertaken such a proposition and its success will be greatly due to the unfailing efforts of Harold Bendel, chairman of the Social Committee, under whose charge the minstrel is rapidly progressing. The other two members of this committee are: Joseph Hiross and Russell Arnold.

The Club is also attempting to encourage intercourse between the several organizations in Central so that they can work together in their various fields. With this in view, an Employment Committee composed of Vespasian Pennell, chairman; Alfred Francis and Arthur Brandt, was organized to co-operate with the Central Employment Bureau. Though in existence a very short time, the committee's results have already been of benefit to certain of its members.

Being organized in 1911, the Technical Club is the oldest organization in Central. Under the leadership of Mr. Murray, its faculty advisor and founder, the Club has grown until now it is composed of one hundred alumni and thirty-one members.

The officers of the Technical Club are: Mr. Hargraves Murray, Faculty Advisor; George Meister, President; Vespasian Pennell, Vice-President; Martin Miller, Secretary; Harold Bendel, G. O. Delegate, and Kenneth Rossnagel, Sergeant-at-Arms. Its members are: Russell Arnold, Walter Aurnhammer, Arthur Brandt, Ben Burness, Herbert Farrar, Alfred Francis, Fred Freibott, Gerardo Gervasio, Ray Hailes, Louis Hardy, Charles Heinze, Louis Herman, Joseph Hiross, Kenneth Jackson, Carl Kleiber, Franklyn Lang, Norman Lee, Ray O'Brien, David Roskein, Kenneth Schlenker, Alex Schwartz, Francis Shiffmeyer, George Sohale, Dominick Verniero, Harry Ziblatt and Edward Zimmerman.

The Technical Club wishes to extend its best wishes as to the future success of the departing Senior class.

MISS MOORE—ON THE QUEST FOR HAPPINESS

The chief speakers of the Mass Meeting held by the Girls' Service Club this year were Miss Moore and Miss Dwyer of the Young Women's Christian Association.

The subject of Miss Moore's talk was the "Quest for Happiness." She gave several examples taken from her own life, of the continual want for something bigger in life. One very good example given was that of the child; when the small rubber ball with the long elastic attached to it became popular, she craved for it continually until at last she got the coveted object. A few months later all her little friends had bicycles, and then as Miss Moore expressed herself, "the child made life miserable for both her parents and herself until she had the bicycle."

A few other splendid examples were given which showed that life is nothing more than one continual struggle after the other, for the attainment of the bigger and nobler things in life.

Miss Dwyer, the representative of the Newark branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, invited all of the girls of Central High School to come and visit her and find out all the opportunities that this famous organization has to offer the girls of Newark.

A very remarkable improvement has been noticed in the condition of the streets around the school. The pupils of Central have taken to heart the notes of warning sounded by Mr. Wiener and have acted accordingly. It has been proven definitely that the Centralites can take care of their school and its surroundings without the aid of the Newark Police Department.

DANTE LITERARY

The Dante Literary Society was organized in the fall of 1916, with about thirty members, for the object of acquainting the Italian students of Central more thoroughly with the literature, manners and customs of Italy. Antanni, who died in Camp Dix of influenza, was elected president and Mr. Arnold became faculty advisor. The enthusiasm of the members was very great and really the first term of the Club was one of its most successful. Readings and talks were given in Italian and Mr. Arnold, who had traveled extensively through Europe, related many interesting facts and stories about Italy, and to cap the term a sociable was given to the members at the final meeting. The other presidents, Rocco, Marasco, Calandra and Martinelle, hae successfully carried out generally the same plan until this term.

This term the Italian upperclassmen seem to have lost interest in the club and with a few exceptions did not join. As a result a great majority of the members are young students, and it is impossible for Vespasian Pennell, who is now leading the Club, to make much headway with these green members. Consequently the Club is now facing a crisis and it is feared that unless the Italian upperclassmen begin to show more interest in it the Club's continuity may be broken.

Now, Italian students of Central, if you do not want the Dante Literary Society to disband, join it at the next meeting. All meetings are held in room 404 Wednesday after school. The Society has done too much for you that you should desert it in a time of need. Until this term this Club had been one of the most successful in Central, and it is up to you to see that it should not disband, but go on doing the good work it has been doing. Mr. Arnold, the faculty advisor, and Vespasian Pennell, the president, will gladly answer any inquiries about the Club.

4A CLASS

The present 4A class of January, 1920, is soon to disband with the approach of Commencement Day. In comparison with previous Senior classes, it can readily be seen that this class outranks them all. The class as a whole has more students, who have been very active in the various school activities, than any other class in the history of the school.

Precedent was broken when at a recent meeting the Seniors decided to do away with the customary class ballot. This action is to be commended because the ballot was a breeder of evil.

The class also tendered a dance in the school gymnasium on December 17. The proceeds of the affair will go for the purchase of a gift for the school.

Mr. Arnold, the faculty advisor of the class, has been presented with a ring similar to the students' rings for the invaluable services rendered to the class.

THE GIRLS' SERVICE CLUB

The Girls' Service Club is one of the clubs which will lose many of its most active members by the graduation of the class of January, 1920. Among the girls who are to leave us this term are Hilda Jaixen, Florence King, Hilda Dvorken, Bertha Ungerleider, Anna Silber, Laura Eisner, Elsie Gubsch, Gladys Jones, Esther Kesselman and Lenora Mendel.

This month the Club presented to home room 102 a picture of General John J. Pershing for the best average attendance for the term ending June, 1919.

The Friday afternoon dances have been continued, and judging from the last two, they have been a great success. A chocolate sale was held and the money realized went to the Organ Fund.

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE SENIORS

Donnelly, Eugene—Senior Pivot; C. S. C.; Football.

Gabrowitz, Louis—Senior Pivot; C. S. C.; Basketball.

Hailperin, Sam—Manager Book Room; C. S. C.; G. O. Executive; G. O. Delegate 4A Class.

Herman, Louis—Business Manager Pivot; C. S. C.; Senior Pivot.

Jaixen, Hilda—Editorial Critic Pivot; G. S. C.; Manuscript Librarian Journalist Club; Senior Pivot; Vice-President G. O.

Jones, Gladys—Editor-in-Chief Senior Pivot; President Journalist Club; Magazine Editor Pivot; Secretary G. S. C.; Vice-President 4A Class.

Morchower, Harry—Football Captain; C. S. C.; Treasurer 4A Class.

Pennell, Vespasian—President Dante Literary; Vice-President Technical Club; C. S. C.; G. O. Executive; Cross Country.

Schmukler, Jacob—President 4A Class; Assistant City Editor Pivot; Senior Pivot; Vice-President C. S. C.; English "C".

Tischler, Saul—City Editor Pivot; Chairman G. O. Executive Committee; Senior Pivot; Football; C. S. C.; English "C".

Weltman, Monroe—President C. S. C.; President Barnstormers; Senior Pivot; English "C".

Hahn, Ellis—Secretary C. S. C.; Senior Pivot; G. O. Delegate; Assistant Manager Basketball.

Feinseth, Louis—G. O. Delegate; Senior Pivot; C. S. C.

ROSTER OF SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

GENERAL ORGANIZATION

President, George Douglas; Vice-President, Hilda Jaixen; Executive Board, Saul Tischler, chairman; Ross Allen, Harold Dwork, Bertha Gelfand, Elsie Gubsch, Ellis Hahn, Charles Okin, Harry Weiss, Robert Caruba, Vespasian Pennell, Rose Dwork and Ethel Oaklander.

CENTRAL SERVICE CLUB

President, Monroe Weltman; Vice-President, Jacob Schmukler; Secretary, Ellis Hahn; Treasurer, Albert Schwartz; Faculty Advisor, Mr. Mones.

GIRLS' SERVICE CLUB

President, Serena Greenberg; Vice-President, Flora Morchower; Secretary, Gladys Jones; G. O. Delegate, Grace Mass; Faculty Advisor, Miss Rosecrans.

CLASS OF JANUARY, 1920

President, Jacob Schmukler; Vice-President, Gladys Jones; Secretary, Robert Rudolph; Treasurer, Harry Morchower; G. O. Delegate, Sam Hailperin; Faculty Advisor, Mr. Arnold.

CLASS OF JUNE, 1920

President, Markham Smith; Vice-President, Louis Klatzko; Secretary, Clara Kleiber; G. O. Delegate, Marie Jorgenson; Faculty Advisor, Mr. Webb.

DANTE LITERARY SOCIETY

President, Vespasian Pennell; Vice-President, Rose Statella; Secretary, Lillian Petoia; G. O. Delegate; George Martino; Faculty Advisor, Mr. Arnold.

TECHNICAL CLUB

President, George Meister; Vice-President, Vespasian Penell; Secretary, Martin Miller; G. O. Delegate, Harold Bendel; Faculty Advisor, Mr. Murray.

BARNSTORMERS

President, Monroe Weltman; Secretary, Leon Kapp; G. O. Delegate, Harry Sherman; Faculty Advisor, Miss Bailly.

JOURNALIST CLUB

President, Gladys Jones; President ex officio, Verna Kinsey; Secretary, Leon Kapp; Manuscript Librarian, Hilda Jaixen; Faculty Advisor, Mr. Mones.

GIRLS A. A.

President, Florence King; Vice-President, Grace Mass; Secretary, Beatrice Meyer; G. O. Delegate, Elsie Meyer; Faculty Advisors, Misses Heilich and Quinn.

4B PROM

On Thanksgiving Eve the customary semi-annual Prom was tendered to the Senior A's by the Senior B's. The gym was appropriately decorated and in general a festive atmosphere prevailed during the evening. There were, it was estimated, about three hundred Seniors and friends present. The punch which was served to the dancers was really delicious. The most important feature of the Prom was the wonderful jazz band that furnished the music. Dancing to the strains of this band was a pleasure in itself and "Home, Sweet Home" was not welcome when it was played. All in all, those who were fortunate enough to be among those that were invited to the affair, spent an enjoyable evening.

The committee in charge of the affair was David Kirsch, William Blum, Ben Ratner, Frieda Lippel, Verna Kinsey and Sophie Bookbinder.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON DANCES

Social dances are held every Friday afternoon in Central. They are conducted by the Central and Girls' Service Clubs. These dances are very popular and the attendance is increasing every week. Although many outsiders are very anxious to attend, they are barred because it was through them that the social dances were abandoned in Central last term. The band is an exceptionally good one and "jazz" seems to reign in the gym when it plays. Everybody has a good time. The entrance admission is so low that it is within reach of all. Central will conduct these dances as long as the students attend. Let us all cooperate. The money derived from these dances is contributed to the Central Organ Fund which was started by the Girls' Service Club.

OLD ENGLISH "C's" AWARDED

The highly coveted English "C's," awarded by the Central Service Club, were received for last term by the following students for the activities mentioned. Incidentally four out of five to receive them are Senior A's. The names follow:

Serena Greenberg, member of the Interscholasic Debating Team.

Israel H. Lyne, member of the Interscholastic Debating Team.

Jacob Schmukler, president of the 4B Class, member of the C. S. C., reporter for THE PIVOT, scholarship record over eight.

Saul Tischler, chief of the reportorial staff of THE PIVOT; member of the S. C. S., president of the Alphas, assistant in the book-room, scholarship record over eight.

Monroe Weltman, captain Interscholastic Debating Team, magazine editor of THE PIVOT, president of the Omegas and Barnstormers.

THE PIVOTEER

THE PIVOTEER

[An Imitation of Addison's Spectator]

Vol. V, No. 4 December, 1919

"No graduations can dim his ray"

Graduation! Oh, what Joys and Sorrows are there. Yesterday with its school Days has gone and in its place comes the Morrow with its Mysteries hidden to eager Eyes. Many a Mind goes back to those early Freshmen Days, the Pranks, the Penalties, and oh, the endless Hours of seemingly useless Labor. And then many a Smile shines forth at the Wear and Tear of the pitiless Regularity of those Tests, the terrible Suspense, and then the Relaxation, the soothing Relief, and once more the regular Routine. The evident Hopelessness of Success and then the saving Grace that enabled those who were behind to work while the others played is written indelibly in the Annuals of Time. The Day of Days, long looked for, often spoken of, and ever to be remembered has come and even the Gods looked down upon these happy Mortals and are glad.

(The Pivoteer dropped his Pen, his weary Mind to rest. The Candle, near the End of its Life, flickered and then plunged the darkened Room into Blackness. His Head drooped, the Hands relaxed——.)

Four or more Ages ago a Band of Lads and Lassies started out with their Nets to capture that elusive Butterfly with all the Joy and Happiness and the Newness of it all in their young Hearts. And they hunted, yea and frolicked, as they worked; helped each other along, and went their Way with nary a Care. But sometimes the Way grew rocky and all the Winds, so it seemed, were gathered against this little Band and the Butterfly looked very far away indeed.

(Here the tired Pivoteer stirred in his Sleep and smiled. As the truant little Mouse scampered away to his hole he heard him murmur, "Examinations.")

It was here that the Nets were torn and the unfortunate ones must bide their Time to mend the torn Places. Oh, the weary Hours, the utter Despair, and the great Temptation to throw the Nets away and give it all up. But the Sturdy by struggling on while their Comrades ahead were resting, traveled once more with their Brethren. And the weaker Folk? They followed on behind, bemoaning their Fate, abusing their Nets, and deriding the untiring Efforts of their Fellowmen before them.

So these Huntsmen wandered on, but not aimlessly. The Wise ones cared well for their Nets, for these were to capture the Butterfly, but the Indolent had no Thought of the Morrow. They said, "Today is here. Perchance we may ne'er see the Morrow. Yon sons of Wisdom stint and labor, we play and sing, 'tis an even Balance." And laughed at their Cleverness of Tongue. Through verdant Fields and over rugged Mountains they followed the Chase, growing less in Number all the while, only the Strong surviving to see the End of this season's Hunt. And the Huntsmen took heed of the vacant Places in their Band and pressed on eager for the End.

When at last the Land of the Butterfly was reached each strained his Muscles and his Mind to get the coveted Trophy, and getting it held it aloft with Pride to be admired and said to the World, "It is mine." Then each examined his Prize, turned it o'er and o'er, weighed its Merits and fondled it closely lest it should vanish like the Sunbeam at the day's End. Then a great Light burst forth illuminating the happy Hunters til the Eye could see them no more because of its Brightness——

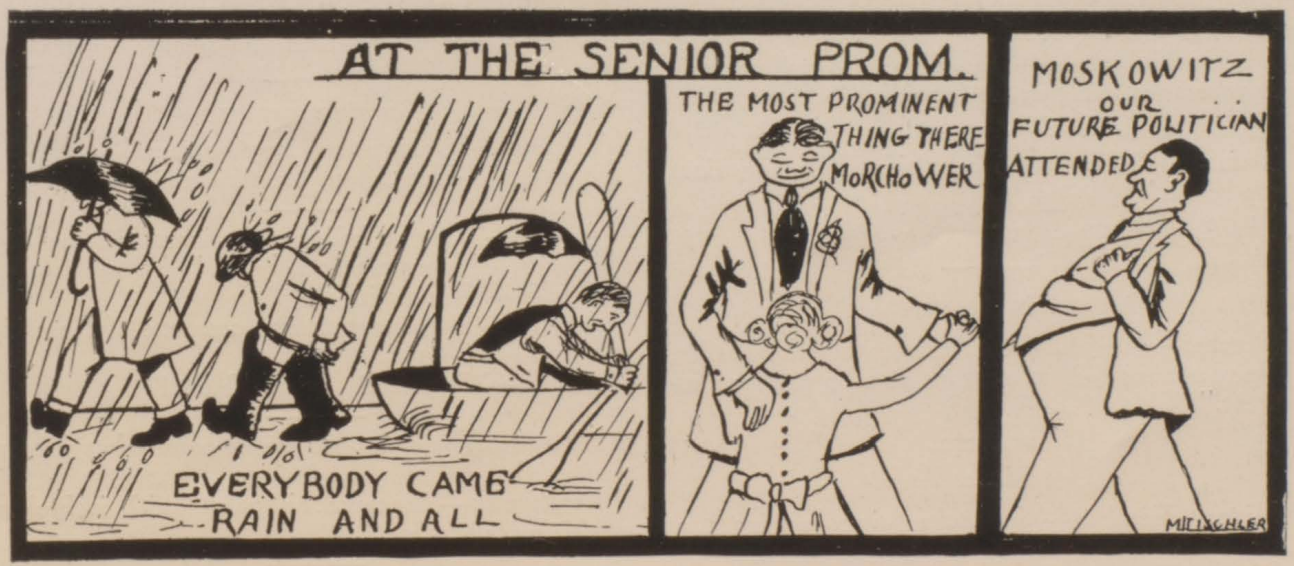
The great Sun rose over the Eastern Horizon and flooded the Room with a glorious Glow, and waked the sleeping Pivoteer. And now he picked up his Pen—the selfsame pen that had been so void, yea without a single Idea—and wrote furiously so that he too might sing Praises on that Commencement Day.

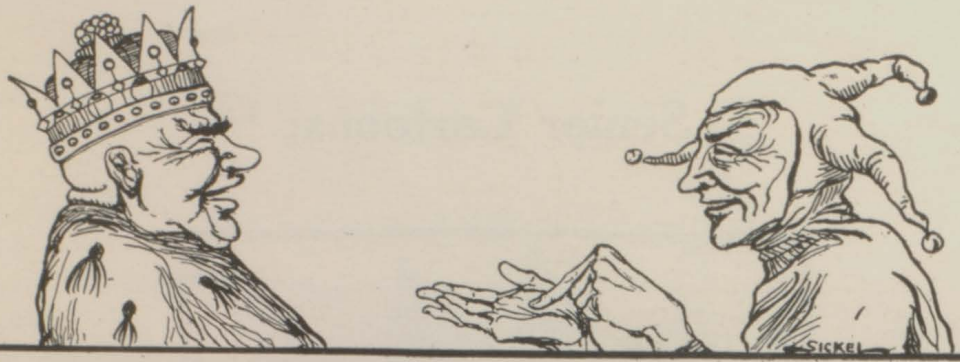
N. S.

Senior Cartoons









PIVOTICKLES

Attention of Harry Morchower Only

Morchower is very inquisitive concerning his future wife's name and this has troubled him for some time. In order that Morchower may pass the exams, THE PIVOT has resolved to find out and take the burden off his heart. Therefore it has sent a special telegram to the oracle at Delphi and it has informed us with news which should relieve Harry considerably. Although it is private, we have been unable to locate Mr. Morchower, and therefore publish it in THE PIVOT. We wish none to read it except Morchower, as it is private: *"YOUR FUTURE WIFE'S NAME WILL BE MRS. HARRY MORCHOWER."*

In Gym

Teacher—"Now march with your arms swinging freely and keep in line. When you're walking with a young lady you wouldn't walk three feet ahead of her, would you?"

Voice in the Ranks—"No, and you wouldn't walk with your arms swinging freely, either!"

Teacher—"Name some industries that are injurious to the health."

Sadye Oliner—"Well—ah—dyeing."

Heard in Economics

Teacher—"If you don't behave yourself, Kafka, I'll have someone sit in front of me who can look intelligent."

The Stone Age

History Teacher—"In ancient times writing was done on tablets of stone."

Stude—"I guess they must have used a crowbar to break the news."

Economical

Miss Ostrowsky—"That fellow's awful tight. He wouldn't buy a ticket for the game."

Veriero—"You're right. He closes the lid in his inkwell between dips."

H. C. of L.

Weiss—"Why are silk shirts a luxury?"

Wanderer—"Because you pay $10 for goods worth $5 and all that shows through your coat is a nickel's worth."

Teacher—"Where there's a will, there's a way."

Brightlight—"Where there's a will there's a law suit."

Ethel—"Why is a professional thief always comfortable?"

Anna—"Don't know."

Ethel—"Because he takes things easy."

In Economics

Herman—"Corporations have no souls."

Martino—"How about the shoe trust?"

Arnold—"Do you believe there is really something which can tell when a man is lying?"

Bendel—"I know it."

Arnold—"Perhaps you have seen one of those instruments?"

Bendel—"Seen one? I go with one!"

Horn—"Why is an old man's house always easy to enter?"

Lepkowsky—"Because his gate (gait) is broken and his locks are few."

Minion—"When is a pig heavier than a pig?"

Naiman—"When it is led (lead)."

Martino—"Why is paper money more valuable than gold?"
Capielo—"Because when you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you find it still in-creases."

Lillian Petoia—"What newspapers does a gentleman desire when he kisses a lady?"
Anna Debreceni—"No 'Observers,' no 'Spectators,' and as many 'Times' as he pleases."

Rath—"What chin is never shaved?"
Farrow—"Ur-chin."

Freeman—"Name an organ without a stop."
Blum—"The human tongue."

Rothenberg—"What parts of speech are shopkeepers most anxious to sell?"
Brueggeman—"Articles."

Halprin—"When does a sculptor explode in strong convulsions?"
Donnelly—"When he makes 'faces' and 'busts.' "

Lewitt—"What faction is it desirable to have always predominant?"
L. Wiener—"*Satisfaction.*"

"Jakie"—"Why is a fishmonger never generous?"
"Ed"—"Because his business makes him *selfish* (sell fish)."

Appel—"Spell brandy with three letters."
Hahn—"B, R and Y."

Weltman—"When is a pugilist like an animal with four hands?"
Poles—"When he *doubles his fists.*"

Charles—"How many wives does the marriage service allow?"
Hooper—"Sixteen; four (for) better, four (for) worse, four (for) richer, four (for) poorer."

A Spirited Argument

Verniero—"The other day on the avenue a fellow asked me if I was Christopher Columbus."
Rudolf—"That's nothing; I was mistaken for W. H. Taft."
Richman—"Why, I was hanging around the corner and a cop said, 'Holy Moses, are you here yet?' "

How Does He Do It?

Feinseth—"What's an alibi?"
Hailperin—"Proving to your mother that you were at the library, where you weren't, in order to explain that you weren't with your girl when you were."

Mr. Hegeman—"How do you prove this theorem?"
Miss Petoia—"By superstition."

Younghans—"Say, Meister, will you write a few lines to my mother? Tell her I'm going to N. Y. over Sunday."
Meister—"Is that all you want on it?"
Younghans—"No! Put in a P. S. for me: 'Please excuse the writing and spelling.' "

Look Out Seniors

Every 4A—"I've come to thank you for all I know."
Every Teacher—"Don't mention it; it's only a trifle."

Some Pupil—"I see they are making shingles out of cement now."
Teacher—"Then I take back my wish to be a boy again."

Tischler—"Isn't that machine a hummer?"
Moskowitz—"No, it's a Singer."

Robinson—"Hey, Mercy, do you know what that hat on your head reminds me of?"
Mercy—"No, I haven't any idea."
Robinson—"Wanamaker's store because it covers a whole block."

We all wonder why Weltman's hat falls down to his ears. He bought it large to allow for expansion.

Gas

Light but very illuminating. Its meter is not altogether accurate, but the figures are high, and a fine heat is exhibited throughout.

Anna Debrecini—"I hope the rain keeps up."
Hilda Dvorken—"Aw, why?"
Anna—"So it won't come down."

Some Seniors ought to thank Mr. O'Brien for making them study in Study Hall.

Schwartz—"What kind of a fellow is Monroe Weltman?"
Richman—"Well, he claps at the motion pictures."

Arnold—"How is everything?"
Weiss—"Oh, she's all right."

Amsterdam—"Where did you get that black eye?"
Brief—"I was looking through a knot hole in the fence, and it got sun burnt."

History Teacher—"When was Central founded?"
Pfeil—"I don't know, ask Derrick."

"Jakie"—"My uncle is having a bumper put on his Ford."
"Jonesey"—"On the level?"
"Jakie"—"No, on the Ford, I said."

We would like to know whether Ernest Krauter is descended from a porcupine. His hair-comb reminds us of one.

Heard In 3d Period Economics

Sadye Oliner—"Gee, it's cold here."
Teacher—"Miss Oliner, you're the sixth person that's told me it's cold, what do you want me to do?"
He wondered why the class laughed.

An optimist is a fellow who can look forward to enjoying his uncle's funeral when the uncle has left his fortune to an orphan asylum.

HEARD IN HOME ROOM 310

Kitty Seidenberg—"When is a ship not called 'she?' "
Bertha Mader—"When it is a man-of-war."

Gubsch—"Why is a widower like a house in dilapidation?"
Morchower—"Because he has to be re-paired."

Douglas—"What four letters would frighten a thief?"
Rausch—"O I C U. (Oh, I see you.)"

Zweibel—"Why is a dog biting his tail like a good manager?"
Reiss—"Because he makes both ends meet."

"Flo" King—"Why are teeth like verbs?"
Smith—"Because they are regular, irregular and defective."

Emma Caruba—"What coin doubles its value by taking away half of it?"
Freida Lippel—"Halfpenny."

Heard on the Farm

Schwartz—" I understand your hens have stopped laying?"
Farrow—"Yes, two of them have."
Schwartz—"May I inquire the reason?"
Farrow—"Certainly, an automobile."

Anna Cohen—"Freda is going abroad to finish her musical education."
Constance—"Where did she get the money?"
Anna—"Oh, the neighbors chipped in."

Brant (buying seed for indoor planting)—"Do you guarantee these seeds?"
Merchant—"Guarantee? Why, my dear sir, if those seeds don't come up, you bring them back to me and I'll refund every cent you paid for them."
(Brant bought the seeds!)

Teacher—"For saying that you may take an hour in detention."
Harrison—"What?"
Teacher—"You may take two hours."
Harrison—"What?"
Teacher—"You make take three hours."
Harrison—"I heard you the first time."

In the Book Store

Storekeeper—"This book will do half the work for you."
Donnelly—"Fine, give me two!"

Weltman—"You have your sock on wrong side out."
Poles—"I know it, but there's a hole on the other side!"

Teacher (to lingering Gabby)—"Now, you go straight home."
Gabby—"I can't."
Teacher—"Why?"
Gabby—"I live around the corner."

Knowledge

Kleiber—"I bet you don't know even what the inside of a church looks like."
Keating—"I do so. I've seen them in the movies."

Seniors Take Notice!

Teacher (in Economics)—"What is extravagance?"
Pheil—"Wearing a necktie when you have a beard."

Senior Memories: In Geometry

Teacher—"What is a polygon?"
Peltz (dreamily)—"A dead parrot."

Teacher—"Define density."
Marx—"I can't give the definition, but I can give an example."
Teacher—"Sit down—the example is very good."

In Economics

Teacher—"How would you improve transportation between New York and Newark?"
Arnold—"I'd build a subway across the Brooklyn Bridge."

When a New Haven girl learned mother had married again, she fainted. (She couldn't go a step father.)

It Sure Was

Lenore Mendel—"We've been wasting a good many minutes for that sister of mine."
Martino—"Hours, I should say."
Lenore—"Ours? Oh, this is sudden."

Teacher—"Your name, please."
Pupil—"Joe King."
Teacher—"No, I'm not joking. I mean it."

People who talk much should study Chinese.

If you carry a chip on your shoulder it is a good plan to rub your head and see if it came from the old block.—*Ex.*

Ham

A thing like this is usually very rare, and it is therefore a great pleasure to find a specimen so well done. The style is crisp and has an attractive flavor, supplying plenty of food for thought. A large plate is included, which will be found useful as a basis from which to begin.—*Ex.*

Anna—"What is the function of the hair?"
Laura—"The hair keeps things from getting into the brain."

Estelle Macow—"I can't get my books into the desk. They're too fat."
Rae Kleinberg—"Cut the appendix out."

It Happened in 110

Teacher—"Why are wages high, Esther?"
Esther Ostrowsky—"Wages are high because salaries are high."

English Teacher (coming upon Herman, who is studying his spelling a few minutes after the bell rang)—"Don't you know, Louis, that nothing can be done well that is done in a hurry?"
Herman—"How about catching a train?"

Harry Sherman appears to be a mystery. He has either entered his second childhood or else he isn't over his first.

Amsterdam—"Do you know that one may be in two places at once? He can go to Europe and be homesick."
Grunt—"Sure, I can go to English class and be in Dutch."

Weltman—"You ought to be a good singer!"
Tischler—"Why so?"
Weltman—"You have legs like a canary."

Poles (gazing at a swiftly approaching trolley—"Say, Gabby, look at that car wabbling along."
Gabby—"No wonder, can't you see the car's full."

IN MEMORIAM

(To be moaned to the tune of "Old Black Joe")

Gone are the days, when our hearts were young and gay,
Gone are our freshmen days, gone far away,
Now we are seniors, a state we do not hate—
But, hear those awful threatning voices, "Just you wait."
Lord help us, Lord help us, are we going to graduate?
We hear those somber voices saying, "Just you wait."

2

Where are the hearts, once so happy and so light?
They're filled with doubt, are they going to win that fight?
Our faces are long, our hearts to depths have sunk,
We hear those cruel voices whisp'ring, "You're going to flunk."
I'm hoping, only this, they'll say when I'm buried deep,
"This student graduated, so let's let her sleep."

NETTIE NOODLE.

Conspicuities

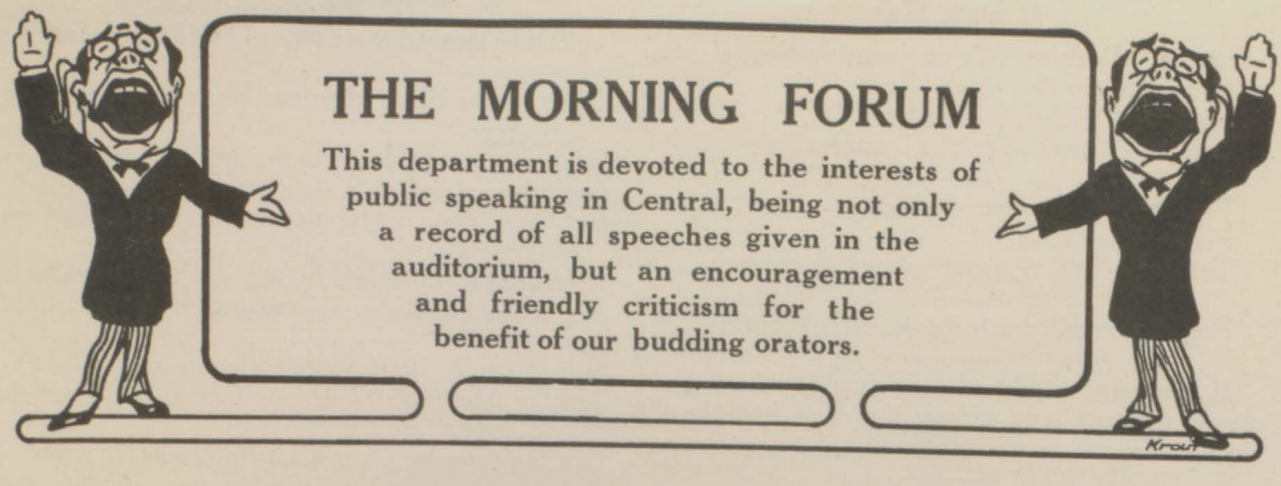
Pfeil's beauty.
Fritzie's dimples.
Lena Wiener's noise.
Anna Silber's pleasantness.
Rose Dwork's complexion.
Lillian Petoia's eyes.
Rose Statella's cleverness.
Sherman's make-believe vest.
Lillian Lake's quietness.
Rudolff's proportions.
Ethel Oaklander's giggle.
Esther Rand's stunningness.

All the World's a Stage

The Girl Dodger . . . . . Ellis Hahn
Daddies . . . . . Jacob Schmukler
The Kid's Last Fight . . . . . Murray Briedt
Broken Blossoms . . . . . Lillian Petoia
The Faithful . . . . . Hilda Jaixen
The Unknown Woman . . . . . Rose Statella
Pollyanna . . . . . Gladys Jones
Butterfly on the Wheel . . . . . Anna Debrecini
The Eyes of Youth . . . . . Dorothy Goodman
A Perfect 28 . . . . . Monroe Weltman

Things We Can't Forget

Louis Herman's ad-getting schemes.
Yetta Cohen's grinding.
Saul Tischler's wobbly walk.
Rose Karalunsky's rushing in, in the morning.
Hilda Jaixen's many posters.
Alice Buck's poetry.
Alberta Nevius's silence.
Jonsey's vaudeville imitations.
The two chums, Laura and Esther.
Fred Freibott's experiments.
Kitty Seidenberg's avoirdupois.



THE MORNING FORUM

This department is devoted to the interests of public speaking in Central, being not only a record of all speeches given in the auditorium, but an encouragement and friendly criticism for the benefit of our budding orators.

MAX KURTZ, "*League of Nations*," November 7—The effect of your talk was marred by the too frequent reference to notes. However, the length of your speech made up for this, in a measure.

GERALD HIGGONS, "*Crime and Criminals*," November 7—Your topic was an interesting one, but your monotonous manner of delivering it detracted slightly from its interest.

MORRIS APPEL, "*League of Nations*," November 10—Your topic was well prepared. Next time, speak a trifle louder, and try to avoid the slight jerkiness which was noticeable in your first attempt.

EVA HARKAVY, "*Race Riots in the West*," November 10—We enjoy your talks because they are clearly delivered. This one was an unusual topic which should be brought to the minds of American citizens, in order to avoid similar conditions in the future.

ESTHER BARTON, "*The Union of Two November Holidays*," November 11—Your talk contained fine suggestions which you presented well.

LAURA BROMBERG, "*The Spirit of Women*," November 11—Your talk was well prepared, but there was a lack of that enthusiasm which is necessary to make a morning talk entirely successful.

MORRIS TURKENITCH, "*An Electrical Oil-Finder*," November 18—Your speech gave us instructive information which was all the more appreciated because you spoke clearly.

FLORA MORCHOWER, "*The Chocolate Sale*," November 19—Your talk brought the desired results, Flora. However, try not to speak quite so jerkily next time.

MARY EAGLE, "*First Fast and Thanksgiving Day*," November 26—Your speech would have been more interesting had you spoken a trifle louder.

ROSE SILBERSTEIN, "*Reading of the President's Thanksgiving Proclamation*," November 26—You read very distinctly, which enabled everyone to hear you without difficulty.

SARAH GELLIS, "*Richard Wagner*," November 13—Yours was a very pleasing talk, Sarah. Your clear enunciation, coupled with the amusing coincidences, made your talk an entire success.

RUTH DANIELS, "*Tales and Truths of Chinatown*," November 20—Your talk was exceptionally interesting. We enjoyed it because you could be heard with ease throughout the entire auditorium.

F. JAEGER, "*The Awk*," November 20—A little slower delivery would greatly have increased the interest in your talk. That fault is easily remedied by a second attempt.

IRVING FALLECK, "*The New York, New Jersey Interstate Tunnel*," November 20—You spoke much too fast for your audience to appreciate the true value of your instructive talk.

SERENA GREENBERG, "*Presentation of Picture*," November 20—Yours was a speech which should spur all loyal Centralites on to winning the next "attendance picture."

MATTHEW KRAFTOWITZ, "*George Eliott's Anniversary*," November 24—Your talk was interesting because it was delivered slowly and distinctly.

EVA MICHAELS, "*Vocational Training as a Preventative of Juvenile Delinquency*," November 24—Yours was a forceful, well-prepared talk. The unusual criticism might be made that your voice was just a trifle too loud.

ROSE BERKELHAMER, "*The Life of Edgar Allen Poe*," November 25—You could be heard easily by everyone. However, a little better preparation would have enabled a more fluent command of words.

ANNA BEDNARCZYK, "*The Origin of Thanksgiving*," November 26—Your clear enunciation and slow delivery made your talk more than just interesting. We should like to hear from you again soon.

MARKHAM SMITH, "*National Cross-Country Races*," November 26—Yours was a good appeal, full of pep. Come again, Markham, but next time try to make your position a little less awkward.

HONOR ROLL

101
John Atheneas
Sophie Clawans
Sophie Deixel
Georgiana Javalas
Frieda Zalkin

102
Joseph Hiross
Max Kurtz

103
Yetta Cohen
Florence King
Verna Kinsey
Rae Kleinberg
Frieda Kulzer
Lillian Lake
Alberta Nevius
Esther Ostrowsky
Anna Rosen
Gladys St. John

109
Della Posner

110
Robert Caruba
Eugene Donnelly
Carl Kleiber
Ernest Kritzmacher
Fred Lohse
Robert Remington
Harry Richman
Jacob Schmukler
Saul Tischler
Ruding Kafka

202
Edna Brendler
Tillie Ganther
Viola Hammerschlag
Doris Hupp
Elsie Samowitz

204
Alma Laube
Gussie Phillips

205
Rose Messina
Wilhelmena Van Riper

207
Sylvester Klein

211
Esther Barton
Anthony Cappiello
Bertha Gelfand
Isadore Grabenchik
Gerald Higgins
Mildred Lippman

212
Helen Brown
Clara Kleiber
Mildred Stahl

213
Katharine Bachtold
Ruth Daniel

214
Libbie Satz
Wilhemina Woerner

215
Agnes Klagh
Lois MacPeek

216
Ella Pickarsky
Genevieve Praizner
Evelyn Wexler

219
Sadie Maratta
Virginia Shipman
Lavinia Von Knoflock

303
Viola Smith

304
John Schreiner

305
Grace Cooper
Lillian Leveen
Louis Liberman
Leonarda Paretz

307
Robert Dey

308
Elizabeth Jay

309
Matilda Siegal
Gertrude Tetelbaum
Sophie Waldman
Miriam Wintsch
Rose Zalkin

310
Carl Brueggeman
Louis Klatzko

316
Gladys Beardes
Helen Ehrlich
Evelyn Frank

317
Gerardo Gervaso
Samuel Harrison
Albert Zweibel

318
Lina Meisner
Jeanette Peller
Sadie Poster
Eva Rosenfeld
Mary Scully

319
Ruth Deiningeo
Tillie Friedman
Alicia Woelper

408
Gustave Koerner

410
Hannah Stein
Fannie Steinberg

412
Anna Hoffman
George Johnson

415
Fannie Weinman

416
Anna Krebs

417
Franklin Wintsch

The names of Elizabeth Jay, Beatrice Posner and Harold Dwork were unintentionally omitted on the October Honor Roll.

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(*Continued from page 8*)

I went on and saw a white building, which was the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I went in and got into trouble for touching things. I got out and found I was again in Fifth Ave. I took a rest in the grandstand—I certainly was tired. I walked down taking rests to 33d St. This is a nice four miles, but I did not notice it because I was watching the sights. I kept on walking until I got to St. Patrick's Cathedral and as visitors were allowed, I went in, and it interested me very much in its beauty.

I went home and told of my experiences, but not to my parents. I did my school work, and wrote a note, but I forgot to bring it the next day, so I got excused by the home room teacher, because I "forgot the note" and was "ill" the day before.

My parents found out because the school went to the expense of two cents (postals cost two cents then) on me. They asked me where I was and I told them my story, and I filled in the "reason for absence" on the postal.

(*Continued from page 18*)

Time and places follow:

	Mins. Secs.
1—Helm, Lafayette	18:24
2—Marzola, Bethlehem	18:26
3—Kirby, Barringer	18:35
4—Rich, Erasmus	18:49
5—Gegan, St. Benedict's	18:53
6—Douglas, Central	18:56
7—Fisher, Central	19:04
8—Hooper, Central	19:05
9—Long, Northeast	19:09
10—Smith, Central	19:10
11—Rothburg, Northeast	19:18
12—Gorden, Philadelphia Central	19:19
13—Sulzack, Flushing	19:25
14—Schwartz, Central	19:28
15—Eneck, West Philadelphia	19:33

GOING TO THE BLOOMFIELD GAME

While a few Centralites were on a car bound to see a football game at the city field, the conductor of the car said to Feinseth, "Did I get your fare?"

"No," replied Lou, "you rang it up."

THANKSGIVING EXERCISES

Thanksgiving was appropriately celebrated on the morning of November 26, 1919, Mr. Wiener opened the exercises with a talk, telling us "Why we should be thankful." In this little speech Principal Wiener emphasized the advantages of the all-year high school plan. The rest of the program was of a musical nature and was well received by the school. The several musical numbers rendered by the school orchestra were interspersed by a few good speeches.

Christmas Gifts for Young Men

SUITS—in which style, service, and economy be the motive.

OVERCOATS—which will keep their insides feeling good and their outsides looking good.

SHIRTS—in unassuming madras or exhuberant silks, exclusive but not expensive.

SOCKS—in silks, lisle or wools, as joyous for the feet as for the pocketbook.

UNDERWEAR—as warming and soothing as a good Christmas hug under the mistletoe.

NECKTIES—seer, saint, sinner. No mortal male can resist the temptation of a neckty. Ours are resistable!

AND—scarfs, collars, cuff links, bags, umbrellas, sweaters, caps, Christmas knicknacks, reflecting the poetry and beauty of the Yuletide spirit in terms of everyday good sense and economy.

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IN THE PIVOT WELL

(*Continued from page 20*)

Sadie Oliner, he said, has people coming from all over the world just to get a glimpse at her because she is billed as the "Gossipless Woman." That was a surprise to me, because every time I saw Sadie she was always hanging over the back fence giving the dog a bone to chew on.

Finally something to eat was offered us by Keating's farm-hand, Israel Lyne. With pride he told us that he had prepared the meal, but out of politeness we had to bear up and put all the pancakes in our hats so we could give them to an Old Leather collector as soon as we could manage to get out. The coffee was the best water we had ever tasted, and as for the dessert—oh, well, we mustn't blame Israel.

Well, after another hour we got the pancakes off our minds and went to the movies, me checking the plane at the door. The girl in the ticket window smiled at us and we recognized her as Estelle Macow. George Martino ushered us to our seats and soon we heard a voice crying, "Get cher peanuts and lollypops here!" I recognized the voice instantly as that of Domenic Vernicio. The orchestra seemed to be made up of women and you can imagine my surprise when I learned that they were all Centralities. Nellie Williams tickled the piano, while Albert Nevius picked on a violin. Gladys St. John makes an excellent putty-blower player while Esther Slatin plays the chopsticks. We went out before the show started because we judged it by the orchestra, and we didn't wait to get our ticket back—you see we both got in for 5c.

I took leave of Fritzie and decided that I had seen my country and all its important people, and that it was about time I meandered home. Someone had stolen my plane, but after quite a little trouble Anna Debrenceni, the town's lady cop, managed to recover it for me. She found it in a junk shop, a dealer had bought it for $1.98. I finally got home after being arrested for non-speeding by Tillie Kreps, but I didn't mind, for I was too full of thoughts of Centralites, and I just had to tell you all about it.

Yours in haste,

"JONSEY."

P. S.—I forgot to tell you that Herb Wanderer is a noted phrenologist and makes a specialty of examining the bumps on the heads of married men. J.

SAYINGS OF OUR SENIOR ATHLETES

GENE DONNELLY, playing football. "Did Elsie see me make that tackle?"

"GABBY," playing basketball. "Gee, I wonder if my hair is parted straight?"

SIMON POLES. "Listen, Gabby, don't you think I am playing good today?"

RUDING KAFKA. "Some day I will make a good judge, from sitting on the bench so often."

FRED FREIBOTT. "I wonder if the coach saw me make that basket!"

HARRY RICHMAN, playing the outfield. "I hope I don't get a fly out here. I may miss it."

FRANK RATH, while running. "I wonder if the girls are looking."

HERBERT PFEIL. "Listen fellows, don't you think I am a little off my mind."

EPIGRAMS

Now Vernick lies here after what we quote;
A Camel too much one day did he smoke.

Now Rudolff so small we cannot see,
Will be buried with Hahn in a cemetery.

And under this land lies Senior Poles—
He rolled his bones under an officer's nose.

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A few of the coming premier attractions:

Thurs., Dec. 25th—Mabel Normand in "Jinx"
Fri., Dec. 26th—Dorothy Dalton in "Market of Souls"
Sat., Dec. 27th—Jack Pickford in "In Wrong"
Sunday, Dec. 28—Bryant Washburn in "Why Smith Left Home"
Mon., Dec. 29, Tues., Dec. 30—Geraldine Farrar in "The Flame of the Desert" Charlie Chaplin in "A Day's Pleasure"
Wed., Dec. 31—Robert Warwick in "Told in the Hills"
Thurs., Jan. 1—Alice Joyce in "The "Vengeance of Durand"
Fri., Jan. 2—H. B. Warner in "Fugitive From Matrimony"
Sat., Jan. 3—Enid Bennett in "Stepping Out"
Sun., Jan. 4—Olive Thomas in "The Spite Bride"
Mon., Jan. 5; Tues., Jan. 6—Star Cast in "When Bearcat Went Dry"
Wed., Jan. 7—Elaine Hammerstein in "Country Cousin"
Thurs., Jan. 8; Fri., Jan. 9, and Sat., Jan. 10—Plays not yet scheduled.
Sun., Jan. 11—Harry Morey in "The Darkest Hour"
Mon., Jan. 12; Tues., Jan. 13—Tourneur's "The Life Line"
Wed., Jan. 14—Chas. Ray in "Egg Crate Wallop"
Thurs., Jan. 15—Billie Burke in "The Misleading Widow"
Fri., Jan. 16—Play not yet scheduled.
Sat., Jan. 17—Marguerite Clark in "Widow by Proxy"
Sun., Jan. 18—Frank Keenan in "Brothers Divided"
Mon., Jan. 19; Tues., Jan. 20—Houdini in "The Grim Game"
Wed., Jan. 21—Dorothy Dalton in "L'Apache"
Thurs., Jan. 22—Eugene O'Brien in "Sealed Hearts"

Saturday, December 27th, will be a specially gala day at the Court Theatre. A specially prepared big program is presented. Jack Pickford in his most recent comedy drama, "In Wrong," seconded by Antonio Moreno in the first episode of a wonderful mystery and detective story serial, which will be continued for fifteen consecutive Saturdays, and besides other comedy and news weekly pictures, the great event of the day will be the personal appearance in songs and dances of the two wonderful juvenile stars—Baby Muriel Abbott of Newark and Baby Dorothy Mae Cumber of Asbury Park.

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3. The civilian head of the Navy, Secretary of Navy Daniels—a lawyer.
4. The actual builder of the Army, Provost Marshal Major General Crowder—lawyer.
5. America's military Commander-in-Chief at the War Front, General Pershing—lawyer, member of the Nebraska Bar.
6. The indicator of legal methods—Attorney General Gregory—lawyer.
7. The chief of the State Department, Secretary of State Robert Lansing—lawyer.
8. The raiser of billions of dollars necessary to fight the war, Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo—lawyer.
9. The chief executive of the Shipping Board, with its nearly five billions of new tonnage, Chairman John Barton Payne—lawyer, and who was General Counsel for the Railroad Administration throughout the war.
10. Director General of all the Railroads, first Secretary McAdoo—lawyer; and now Director General Walter D. Hines—lawyer also.
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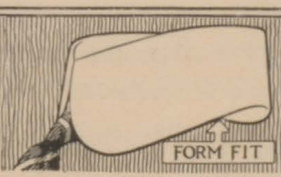
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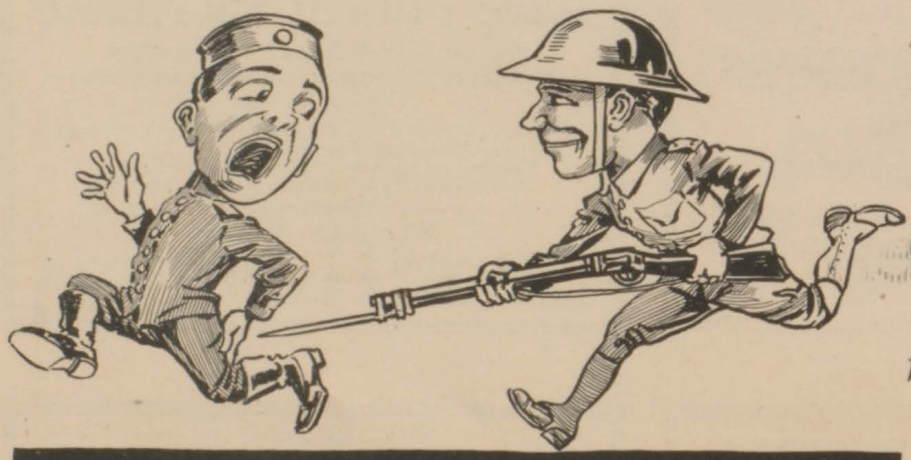
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